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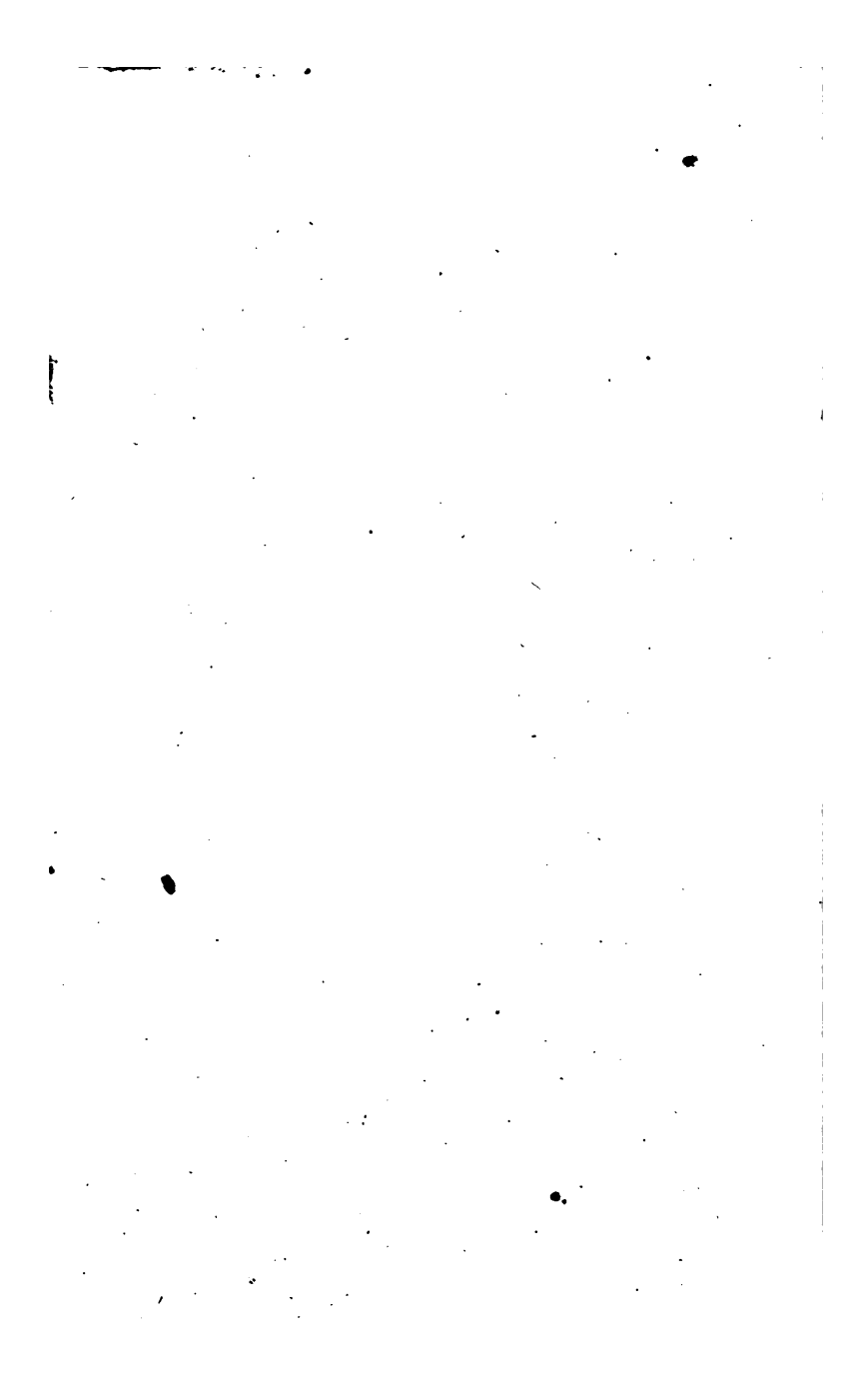
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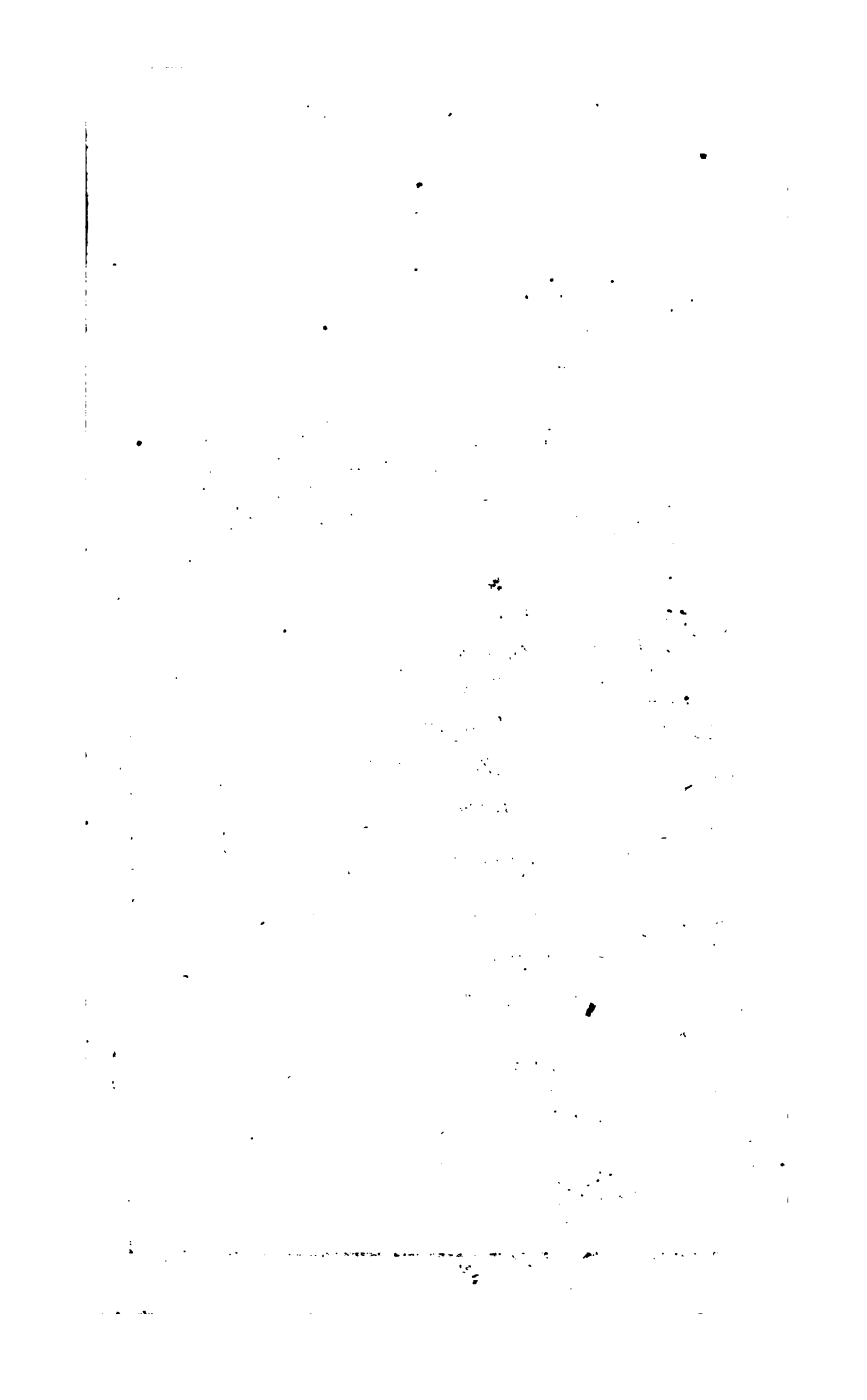


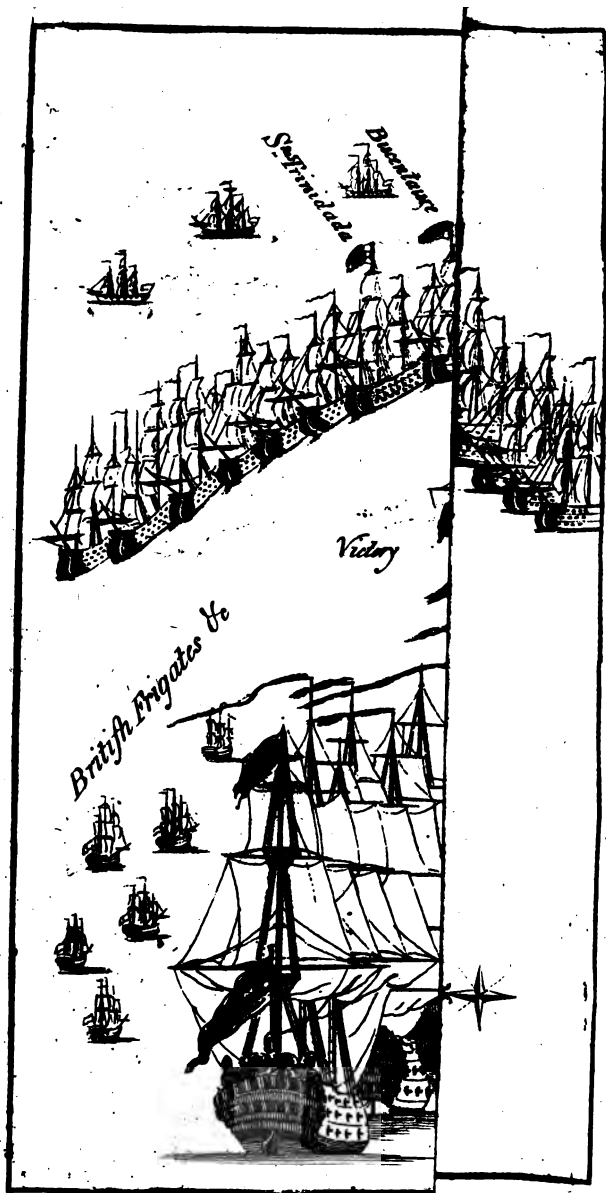
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THE
BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR,
A
HEROIC POEM.

—BY—
THE REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND,
MEMBER OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY OF BELFAST, &c.

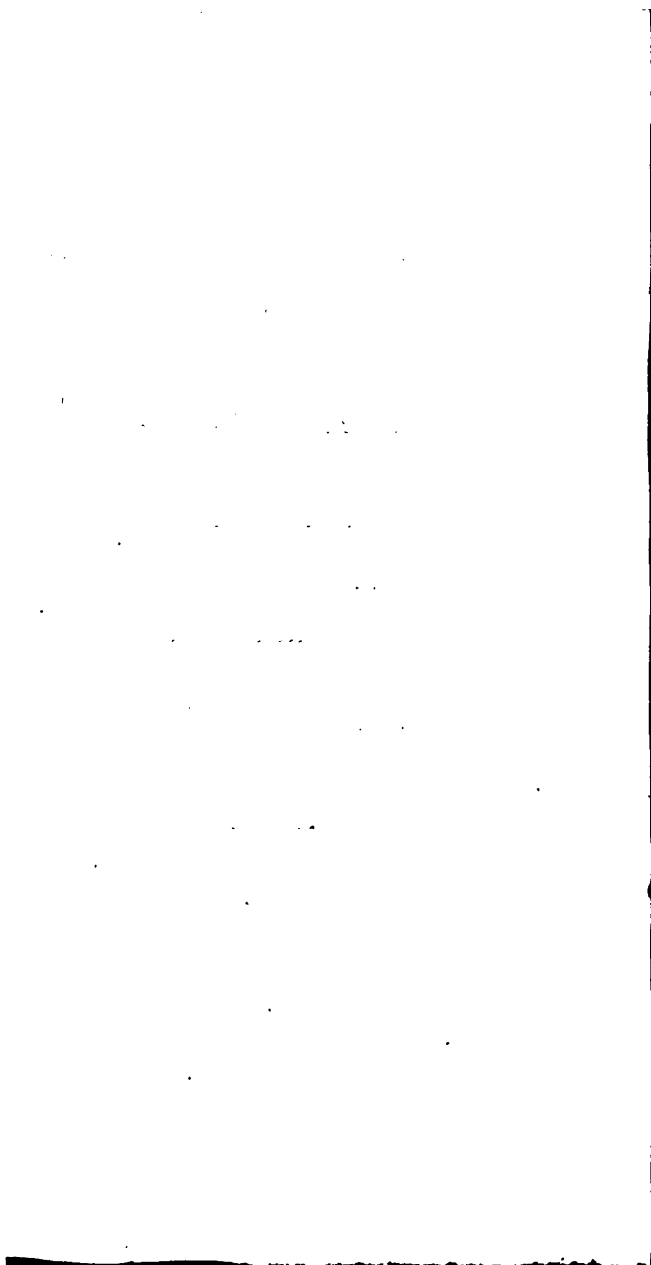
“ Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
“ Digne scripserit!”

HOR.



—
Belfast:
PRINTED BY J. SMYTH AND D. LYONS.
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1806.

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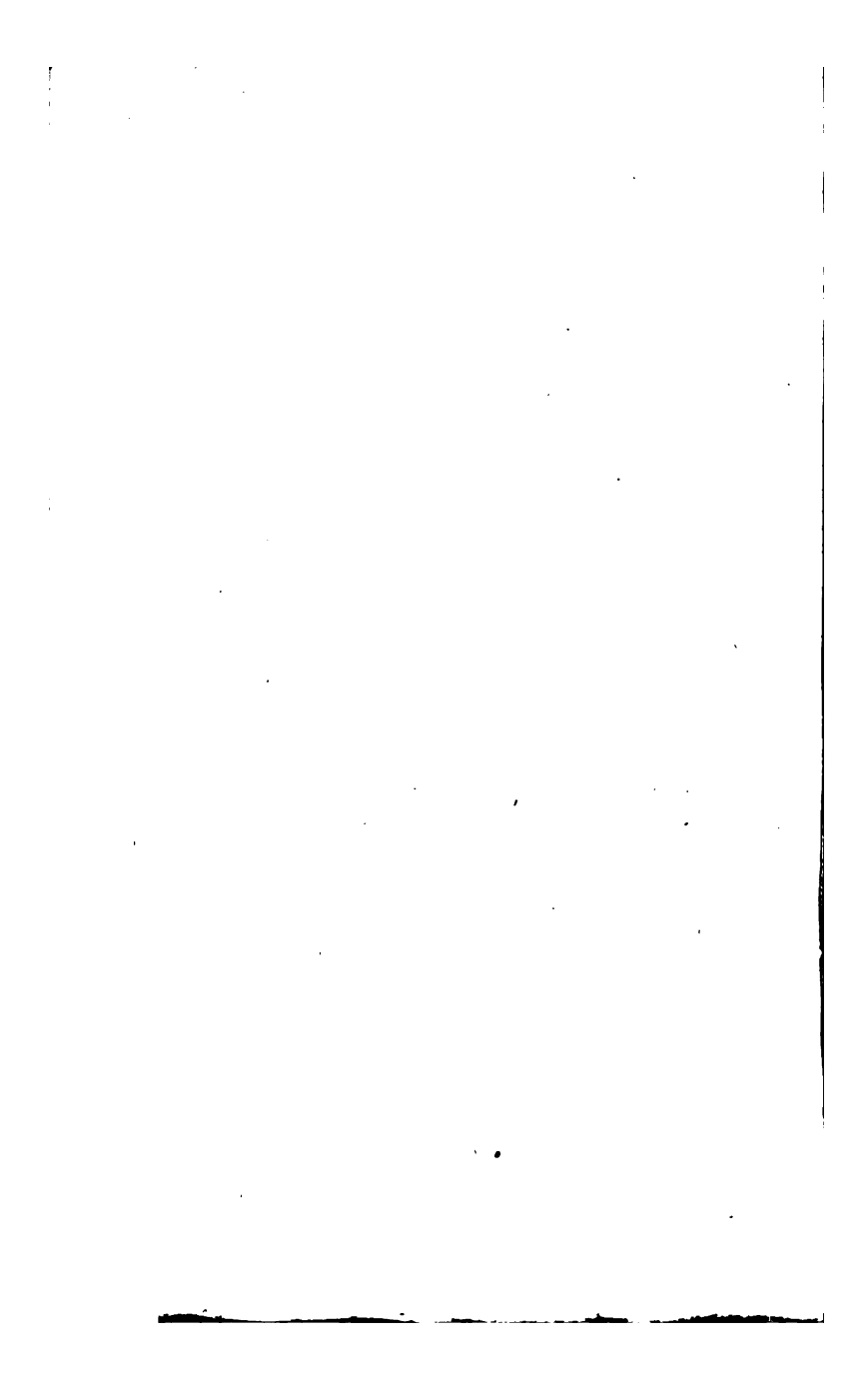


BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR,

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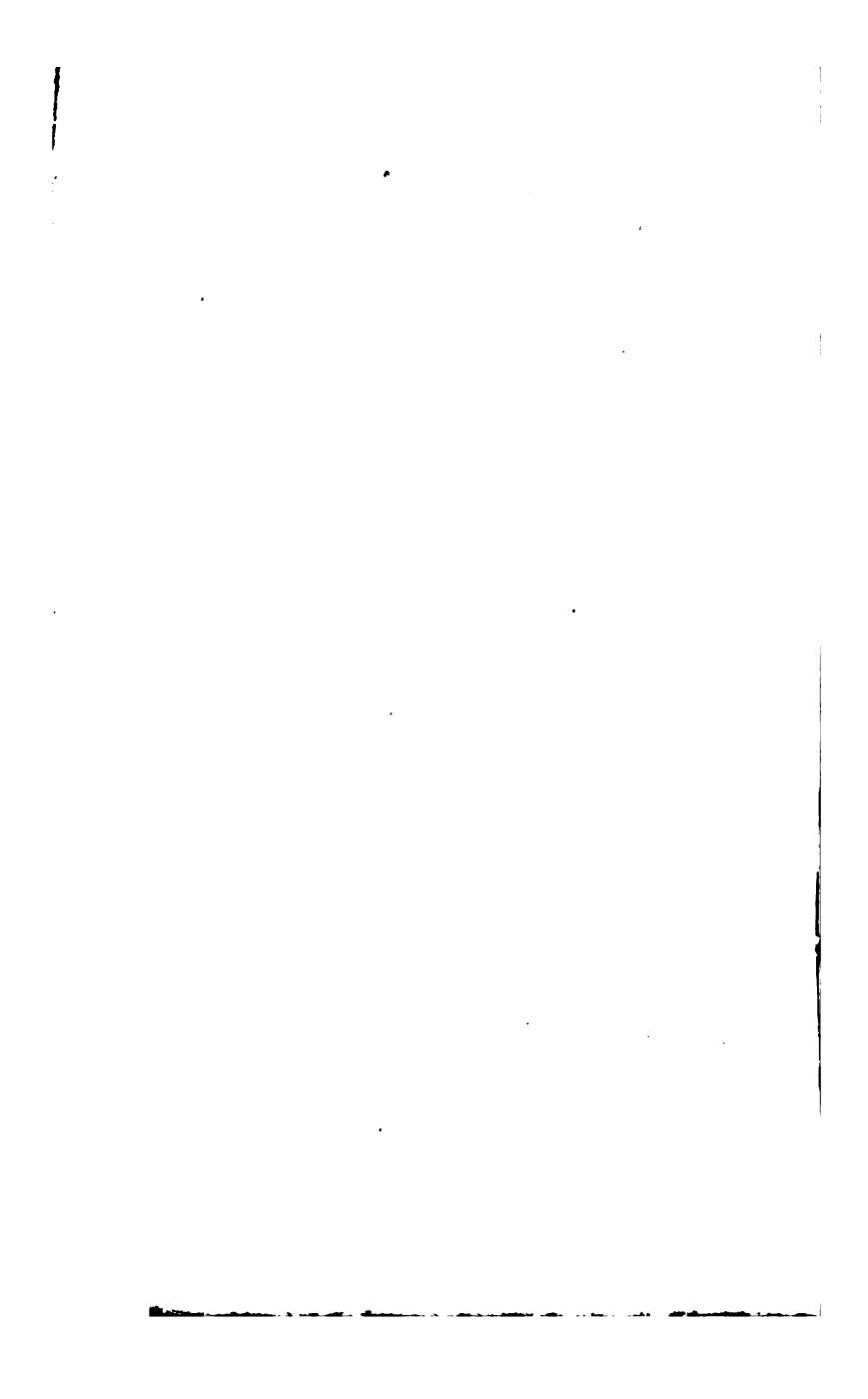
HEROIC POEM.

.....τες ἡγέμονες δ' ἐκκοσμεῖν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,
Ἵσμινηδ' ἵσθαι· μετὰ δὲ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων,
Ὅμματα καὶ κεφαλὴν ἱκέλος Διὶ τερπικλεῶσιν,
Ἄρεϊ δὲ ζώνην, σθένος δὲ Ποσειδάωνι.



PREFACE.

THE following production was written at the request of a friend. When the author sat down to write, he did not intend to compose a Heroic Poem, or, perhaps, he should have endeavoured to conform more to the established rules of the epopee.....he wrote as he felt, and mourned the fall of the Hero, before he rejoiced in his triumph.....with this consideration he offers the Poem to the world without attempting to deprecate criticism, by the common apologies of haste, interruption during the composition, or multiplicity of avocations.



BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR,

A

HEROIC POEM.

ARGUMENT OF BOOK I.

ADDRESS to Albion, Caledonia, Erin, and the foes of Britain—charge of the genius of England to Nelson—he obeys the charge—description of the morning, and of his fleet leaving England—morning of the battle—Villeneuve commander in chief of the combined fleets—his character—he ranges the French and Spanish ships alternately—General D'Ignatio D'Alava, in the Santa Anna leads the van—the Bucentaurus commanded by Villeneuve comes in the centre—Don Baltazar Cisneros follows, in the Santissima Trinidad—the third squadron led by rear Admiral Duma-

noir—the rear division approaches in two squadrons; one of which is commanded by D. Frederico Gravina; the other by rear Admiral Magon, who fell in the battle—ominous appearance at their setting sail—the whole fleet approaches, ranged for battle, in the form of a crescent—the Britons mark their approach with joy—the command given to clear the decks—feelings of the sailors—speech of Nelson—he divides his fleet into two columns, to penetrate the enemies line:—the first led by himself in the Victory, followed by the Temeraire—Neptune—Conqueror—Leviathan—Ajax—Orion—Agamemnon—Minotaur—Spartiate—Britannia—Africa.....Second division led by Admiral Collingwood in the Royal Sovereign—followed by the Mars—Belleisle—Tonnaut—Bellerophon—Colossus—Achilles—Polypheme—Revenge—Swiftsure—Defence—Thunderer—Defiance—Prince—Dreadnought.....frigates.

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR,

A

HEROIC POEM.

BOOK I.

B. 1051.

WHAT flags low-streaming o'er the murmuring deep,

In mournful triumph, bid Britannia weep?

What sounds of sorrow reach the listening shore?

“Mourn, Albion, mourn, thy Nelson is no more!”

While grief and joy their tides alternate roll, 5

In rapid eddies, o'er thy troubled soul;

With tearful smiles, thy blushing laurels view,

Bedropped with blood, and twined with funeral yew;

B

The hard-earned trophies from Iberia won,
Or torn from Gallia, by thy bravest son. 10

Let Caledonia robed in sable vest,
Her locks loose-floating o'er her throbbing breast,
In all the sweet solemnity of woe,
Bid the sad dirge in weeping numbers flow;
"Till hill, and vale, and rock, and echoing dell 15
Resound the wild-notes of the deep-toned shell,
In hollow cadence to thy wild-wave's roar,
" Mourn, Britain, mourn! thy Nelson is no more!"

Thou too, green Erin! join the plaintive lay,
And mourn, with me, Trafalgar's fatal day: 20
Touched with the sacred sympathy of song,
High on thy beetling cliffs the dirge prolong;
Pour thy lorn sorrows on the sighing gale,
And let thy thrilling harp repeat the tale;

While tears, fast-gushing from their copious springs, 25
 In trembling radiance glisten on the strings ;
 Waft the sad strain around thy emerald shore,
 “ Nelson the brave, the mighty is no more !”

But ye, proud foes of Britain ! loud rejoice,
 Rise from defeat, and lift th’ exulting voice : 30
 The prince of ocean, Albion’s brightest star,
 Bronte’s dread lord, that thunderbolt of war, (1)
 Whose haughty ship, with blazing flag unfurled,
 Bore Britain’s glory round the subject world,
 With storm and battle shook each hostile shore ; 35
 Nelson, your scourge, your terror is no more !

But, with your triumph, fame’s loud trump shall tell,
 The hero more than conquered when he fell ;
 Deep in the waves, your navies he entombed,
 Your glory blasted, and your strength consumed. 40

“ Go, my brave son !” Britannia’s genius cried,
“ As thou art wont, with conquest by thy side,
“ Go, like thyself, in matchless valour strong,
“ My foe to punish, and avenge my wrong ;
“ As erst, when France, at Nile’s affrighted flood, ⁽²⁾ 45
“ Tinged the blue billow with her children’s blood,
“ Beneath thy conquering standard shrunk dismayed,
“ And, at thy feet, tri-coloured trophies laid :
“ Or, when the Baltic, round his winding shore, ⁽³⁾
“ Heard the dread voice of Britain’s thunder roar ; 50
“ Pale Scandia sunk with deeply-troubled groan,
“ Fearful, and trembling on her sea-girt throne.
“ Anon she shrieked in frenzy and despair,
“ Beat her white breast, and tore her golden hair ;
“ While thy bold squadron winged the iron sleet ⁽⁴⁾ 55
“ That smote her ranks, and swept her widowed street.

“ Go, my brave son ! where’er thou meet’st the foe,

“ There, let careering fires of vengeance glow ;

“ High o’er the billow lift thy awful form,

★

“ Clad in the gathering terrors of the storm ;

60

“ With dauntless might the van of battle lead,

“ And death or triumph be thy noble meed.”

He heard obedient ;—to the rising gale

Unfurled his banner, stretched the sinuous sail ;

And o’er the billow towered his awful form,

+65

Clad in the gathering terrors of the storm ;

The foamy surge, with winged speed, he sweeps,

And England’s prayers attend him o’er the deeps.

Fair from her ruby throne, with roseate smiles,

The morn in glory clothed the sparkling isles ;

70

Light o'er the billow's glassy concaves rolled
The playful radiance of her fluid gold;
The silvery surges drank the purple day,
And rainbow-colours tinged the dashing spray;
The milk-white foam along the pebbly strand 75
Danced on the surf, or fringed the rustling sand;
While round and round the sportive sea-fowl flew,
Or dipped their plumage in the briny dew.
The silken pendants from the tow'ring mast,
Streamed o'er the wave, and wantoned in the blast; 80
The furrowing keels the sounding ocean plowed,
With sailors' cries the cliffs re-echoed loud.

Britannia viewed the scene with conscious pride,
And hailed her castled bulwarks on the tide :
But Victory's heart was thrilled with joy and pain, 85
Her soul prophetic saw her Nelson slain ;

Her helm unbound, her tresses wooed the wind—
 The laurel wreath her rosy fingers twined
 Was washed with tears—and while she hailed her child,
 She fondly smiled, and wept—and wept, and smiled. 90

Th' unconscious sailors sung their Nelson's name,⁽⁵⁾
 Proud of their chief, and glorying in his fame :
 Rocked by rude whirlwinds in his infant bed,
 Nursed by rough danger, and to battle bred,
 Inspiring fame to glory bade him steer, 95
 And conquest followed in his bright career :
 Each nobler virtue in his soul they scan
 That forms the hero, or adorns the man :
 In peace, like zephyr, that at noon-tide hour,
 Sips the mild fragrance of the vernal flower; 100
 In war, impetuous as the bolt of heaven
 Winged with red blazes, and in vengeance driven.

What blasting lightnings from his angry eye,
Devour the foe, and make the valiant fly!
His form, his looks, his actions, all inspire 105
The warrior's thirst of fame, the hero's soul of fire:
With ardent flame they burn to prove the fight,
And humble Spain beneath Britannia's might.

But Spain, the victim of a just dismay,
With Gallia's squadrons safe at anchor lay; 110
While Britain's lions raged around the main,
And Erin's wolf-dogs claimed the fight in vain, (6)
Insulting France—with all her scornful boasts,
A slave, imprisoned on her blood-stained coasts.

At length Trafalgar's fatal morn arose, 115
That morn disastrous to Britannia's foes,

When France and Spain, with potent fleets combined,
 Their sails expanded to the favouring wind;
 Fondly they hoped, in exultation brave,
 Superior force must triumph on the wave; 120
 That Britain's sons would yield a glorious day,
 An easy conquest, and a noble prey:
 Vain thought ;—that British prowess e'er would yield
 To ten-fold numbers on the watery field !

{ .

O'er the long pomp of all their naval bands, 125
 Brave Villeneuve extends his high commands;
 A skilful chief, by long experience taught,
 Fired with high courage, and a pride of thought;
 He saw rich conquest on Britannia smile,
 When Bronté thundered on the shores of Nile: 130
 Escaped that dreadful day, before the gale, (7)
 In one swift ship, he spreads the flying sail

With vain attempt;—for o'er the azure fields,

Britain pursues him, and the hero yields.

When peace returning smiled on Albion's shore, 135

She gave the captive to his friends once more :

Again he mingles in the war's alarms,

And comes to prove his country's might in arms.

Oft had his soul revolved with prudent care,

The various chances of the dubious war, 140

And now with sapient thought, and sage design,

He plans the war, and arms the hostile line ;

Ranging, alternate, as the fleets advance,

Spain's warlike vessels with the prows of France,

That each may each, by great example, fire 145

To valiant deeds—to conquer or expire.

Ranged in the van, three lofty squadrons helm, (3)

Their course resounding, through the liquid realm ;

Round their black sides the whitening surges roar,
And stern defiance lowers on every proue. 150

First brave D'Alava to the contest came,
Urged by fallacious hopes of glorious fame :
The sainted Anna, at his high controul,
With seven dark vessels, bids her thunders roll,
Fated, that day, to see her country's pride 155
Destroyed, and blasted on the whelming tide.

With Villeneuve, the central squadron sweeps,
The Bucentaurus bears him o'er the deeps;
High on her poop, wide streaming from afar,
Wave the proud flags of France, and bring the war. [160
Amid his warlike bands the chief is seen,
Fearless and brave, and dreadfully serene ;

Rapt in deep thought, he meditates the blow,
And hurls tempestuous battle on the foe.
Now roused by cheering hope, though blind and vain, [165
Immortal laurels in the strife to gain,
He fires each heart to deeds of deathless fame
With thrilling accent, and with words of flame,

Next o'er the deep huge Trinidada rode ;
Old ocean groaned beneath th' enormous load ; 170
In four long tiers her fierce artillery raised,
Row above row, in horrid grandeur blazed,
And twice eight hundred gallant souls, who knew
Each art of naval war, composed the crew ;
Their firm allies, five hundred soldiers sail, 175
High from the tops to wing the leaden hail.
Her tower-like strength, the great Baltazar guides
With seven stout vessels through the foamy tides,

That squadron last, in frowning pride succeeds,
Which Dumanoir with martial glory leads; 180
One of the few who plowed the homeward wave,
Escaped from ruin, and a watery grave;
Eight floating bulwarks armed in dire array,
Eager for action, own his potent sway.

These led the van:—the rear, in valour strong, 185
In two high-bounding squadrons roars along:
Twice four black ships each warlike squadron form;
With one Gravina brings the ruthless storm;
High, on th' Asturia's Prince, his banner plays,
From six-score guns he drives the raging blaze: 190
Prepared for fight, twelve hundred sailors stand
Firm at their post, and wait his high command.

The last tall squadron gallant Magon led,
Illustrious chief, now numbered with the dead!

For France that day, the hero's art he tried, 195

And like a hero in the conflict died.

Thus armed procinct for war, the fleets of Spain,

With Gallia's navies, cleft the liquid plain:

As from Iberia's lessening shores they passed,

Low, hollow sounds came sighing in the blast; 200

With strange and silent fires the billows gleamed,

Perched on his rock the ravenous vulture screamed;

With sharpened beak the swift-winged eagle scowled,

Round the bleak cliffs the hungry sea-dogs prowled.

Close in the wake of each phosphoric keel, 205

The monsters of the deep, in many a wheel,

With famished sharks, quick-darting, seemed to play,

• Craunched their fell jaws, and snuffed their coming prey;⁽⁹⁾

While proudly riding through the snow-ridged seas,

Impelled by fate malignant, in the breeze 210

Swelled the majestic sail: in horrid pride,
Frown the black tiers on every hostile side;
"Horned like the crescent moon", th' embattled fleet,
Sweeps on, with desperate force, the British arms to
greet.

With eagle eye, rejoiced the Britons spied, 215
The masts' tall forest rising o'er the tide:
With hearts elate they stretched the swelling sail,
Crowded each yard, invoked the favouring gale.
Swift o'er the deep with winged speed they flew,
And nearer now the frowning squadrons drew. 220
"Quick, clear the decks," the shrill voiced boatswain cries,
"Quick, clear the decks," each hollow ship replies.
The dread command comes tingling on the ear,⁽¹⁰⁾
Pale grows each cheek, with strange unwonted fear:
All stand a moment, lost in fixed amaze, 225
In dead silence, and unconscious gaze:

Their homes, their wives, their children force a sigh
Choaked in the breath—and then—they dare to die.

The love of glory triumphs in the heart,

And each resolves to play the hero's part. 230

“Quick, clear the decks,” again the boatswain rings,

Quick to his post each nimble sailor springs—

The cabin's thin partitions roll aside,

And clear from stem to stern, the area wide;

Primed are the guns, and every captain stands 235

Firm at his post, to cheer his warlike bands.

While some in words their gallant crews inspire,

Incite to action, fan their rising fire;

Light o'er the curling surges, others bound, ⁽¹¹⁾

To the shrill fife's, and drum's, and trumpet's sound; ^{[240}

And rise elate, in conscious glory brave,
To the bold ode,—“ Britannia rules the wave:”
For music’s voice the icy bosom warms,
Strings the lax nerve, and fires the weak to arms.

Then Brontë thus addressed his warlike crew : 245
His speech was nervous, though his words were few:
“ Guardians of England ! hail th’ auspicious hour,
“ To crush, and blast her foes’ united power :
“ To you she trusts her high, her sacred cause,
“ Her rights, her fortunes, liberties, and laws; 250
“ With dauntless valour, to the contest spring,
“ For Albion’s glory, for your God, and king:
“ Crown England’s hopes;—at her inspiring call,
“ Like Britons conquer, or like Britons fall.”

With potent eloquence his accents roll, 255
And breathe through all his own undaunted soul.

Each bosom beats with generous ardour high,
Impetuous courage sparkles in each eye :
Clad in new terrors every British tar,
With valour's frenzy maddens for the war. 260

Their chief, long versed in war's destructive lore,
With matchless wisdom ranged each warlike prou :
The foe's design with sage experience scanned,
And the bright road to glorious triumph planned.
Then every ship her flag of death displayed; 265
In two long columns terribly arrayed,
With adverse prows, they cleave the struggling brine,
To meet the foe, and break the dreadful line.

What haughty ships, celestial muse! disclose,
Bore Britain's thunder on the vaunting foes, 270
Broke through the line, and foiled their battle's plan?
The Victory first came tow'ring in the van;

The ship that bore, in all her gallant pride,

The Lord of Bronté e'er the purple tide.

High on her prow, as panting for the strife, 275

A warrior virgin breathed in mimic life:

Round her bright helm the laurel trophies twined,

Shaded her brow and danced upon the wind;

Warm on her cheek the fires of glory glowed;

Round her strong spear the crimson current flowed; [280

Anon, she seemed to strike her battered shield,

And call her dauntless Britons to the field.

Ranged by their guns her dauntless Britons stood,

Panting for glory, breathing death and blood;

Well were they skilled in war's tremendous art, 285

And every sailor bore a hero's heart:

Fierce from their blasting guns they longed to aim,

The storm of vengeance in devouring flame—

Then came the Temeraire with rapid bound ;

On the French foe her dire artillery frowned, 290

In rebel hatred—For in battle's chance,

Britain had torn her from the power of France ;

And now against her native land she bore

The rattling tempest, and the thunder's roar.

The Neptune followed, and the watery god, 295

Proud on her bow, terrific seemed to nod ;

Awed the high billow with his angry look,

At boastful France th' indignant trident shook,

And roared in thunder to the pride of Spain,

“ Britannia rules with me—the empress of the main.” ^[300]

Next the stern Conqueror cleft the yielding flood ;

Oft had her decks been drenched in waves of blood ;

The Norman William at her bowsprit shone, ⁽¹²⁾
 And seemed to lead his British warriors on;
 As when he led their marshalled hosts of yore, 305
 To crush th' insurgents on the Norman shore;
 Grimly he frowned, in giant grandeur strong,
 Reared his helmed head, and sternly stalked along;
 His potent hand th' elastic bow extends,
 No arm but his the stubborn yew-tree bends; 310
 Th' impatient arrow quivers on the string,
 And longs in Gallic blood to dip its wing.

Then huge Leviathan, in strong array,
 Rolled on, unwieldy, o'er the watery way—
 So the vast whale, dread monarch of the tides, 315
 Tempests the deep, and o'er the billow rides:
 The flashing surges circling round his back,
 Boil as he moves, and mark his hoary track: ⁽¹³⁾

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...{.

With spouting floods, he shakes his wide domain,
And sports through torrents of the briny rain; 320
His dread approach the fenny nations view,
Porpoise, and dolphin of celestial hue,
Own his tremendous sway with shuddering awe,
And dart impetuous from his ravenous jaw.

Hasta ora.

'The favouring gales the lofty Ajax urge, 325
Marching to battle, through the sounding surge:
Her giant warrior, clothed in shining arms, (14)
Hastes, with long strides, to meet the war's alarms:
Ferocious, direful, panting to destroy—
As when his arm repelled the force of Tróy; 330
What time great Hector with destructive aim,
Rolled on the fleets of Greece the bickering flame:
Swift in his brawny hand he swings around
A dreadful mace, with studs of iron bound,

Formed for the naval conflict, rough, and strong, 335

Knotty, and dense, and twice ten cubits long ;

With grisly smiles of death he grimly lowered

Defied the foe, and to the battle towered.

Th' Orion next the surges seemed to plow, (15)

With storms and tempests on her golden prow, 340

Collecting strength, in fury soon to rise,

Sweep through the heavens, and rend the vaulted skies,

And drive resistless on the hostile fleet,

Commingling hail, and fire, and rattling sleet.

Then Agamemnon to the conflict came.— (16) 345

Proud of his strength, exulting in his name,

The king of men upreared his fourfold crest,

Bright flashed the burnished cuirass on his breast;

Firmly he strode before his warrior bands,

Shook the keen javelin's lightning in his hands; 350

To nobler triumphs led his British hosts,
Than ever graced his arms on Phrygia's coasts.

...

Stout Minotaurus scudding swift behind, ⁽¹⁷⁾
Her canvass pinions stretched before the wind:
On her sharp prow the dubious beast was seen, 355
The monstrous offspring of the lustful queen.
He grinds his teeth, in fire his eye-ball rolls,
As when he marked the seven devoured souls:
From his wide nostrils pours the scorching blast,
And snorts impatient for the dire repast. 360
At France he darts his furious glance from far,
And longs to mingle in the bloody war.

A fair Laconian armed for warlike deeds, ⁽¹⁸⁾
Breathing dismay, the bounding Spartiate leads;

Light on her shoulders hung the quivered store, 365
 High in her hand the bended bow she bore ;
 Her massy helm, of many a ductile fold,
 Shed o'er the waves the gleam of polished gold:
 Keen for the fight—she flies with speed divine,
 Nor dips her golden buskins in the brine ; 370
 Like the fierce Amazon, or Volscian maid,
 Clothed in bright steel—in dreadful charms arrayed,
 She strikes her moony-buckler—shakes her lance,
 And hurls defiance at the fleets of France.

In awe-commanding power Britannia rides, 375
 With red-cross banner o'er her vassal tides ;
 Bright on her crest the star of Scotland shone,
 Girt was her breast with Erin's emerald zone:
 Her left hand grasped her shield, and in her right,
 The glittering faulchion thirsted for the fight: 380

She seemed to look exulting o'er the wave,
Proud of her strength, and say—"To arms, ye brave."

Last of the column, o'er the billows rolled,
The well-armed force of Africa the bold :
The jetty goddess of the burning sands, 385
With sharp-edged sabre flashing in her hands,
Frowned at the head, and panting to engage,
Rolled her keen eye, and kindled all her rage :
Beneath her feet the scutcheoned trophies lay,
Borne by the British from Aboukir's bay: 390
With that famed standard, Gallia's highest boast, (19)
Pride of her arms, and glory of her host,
That stormed the dreadful pass at Lodi's bridge,
And waved in fire o'er many an Alpine ridge,
And still had triumphed in the bloody toil, 395
'Till met by Britain, on th' Egyptian soil ;

Its glories fell—with all its guardian train,
Ne'er deemed, 'till then, Invincible, in vain.

These led by Nelson, Hero of the fleet,
Haste the North wing of Villeneuve to meet. 400

The next long line in war's dread pomp attired,
Th' intrepid soul of Collingwood inspired :
With well-tried skill he stemmed the ocean's rage,
In battle ardent, and in council sage :
Fame's radiant glories kindled on his sword, 405
And friendship bound his soul to Bronté's lord.
The Royal Sovereign, spreading wide alarms,
Bears him, exulting, to the strife of arms :
In awful pride her streaming pendants fly,
Of crimson, green, and heaven's ethereal die; 410

Ensigns, the boast of every British knight, ⁽²⁰⁾
Denouncing rueful fate, and deadly fight ;
Her brazen tiers in blackening terrors frown,
To spread the glories of Britannia's crown ;
Her sacred rights a host of warriors guard, 415
Their monarch's praise, their hope ; his love, their great
reward,

Next o'er the surge, the Mars proud-nodding came,
With latent fury, and a slumbering flame ;
Her gallant captain as the decks he trod,
Appeared himself the battle-ruling god ; 420
Brave Duff, his country's ornament and pride,
Who for her glory lived, and nobly died.

A grim Bellona, with terrific smile,
Panting for battle, leads the stern Bellisle :

A statelier vessel, or a crew more brave, 425

Ne'er met the foe, nor plowed the hostile wave.

That day amid the blazing fight she raged,

With many a foe th' unequal combat waged :

And though fell ruin, with repeated blasts, [430

Swept her torn decks, and rent her crackling masts,

O'er France she triumphed, and victorious bore

Her crimsoned laurels to Britannia's shore.

Then came the Tonnant through the keel-cleft tide,

With close-pent thunders on her pitchy side,

Eager to burst their prisons' dismal gloom, 435

Heralds of woe, and many a hero's doom.

Swift through her foamy wake, with triple tiers,

And aspect fierce, Bellerophon careers;

Fated to see, by heaven's imperial call,
Her valued Cooke, her brave commander, fall: 440
Illustrious kinsman of the Cooke whose gore,
Dyed the cursed corals of Owhyhee's shore.

Then huge Colossus through the billows rode—
In more than mortal grandeur proudly strode }
Th' enormous image of her archer god; ⁽³¹⁾ 445 }
Not as he blazed at Rhodes with friendly light,
To guide the wanderer through the shades of night :
But indignation lightened in his eye,
Bent his dread bow, and bade his quiver fly;
As when he saw his darling son expire, 450
Struck by the bolt of Jove's tremendous ire;
Maddening with rage, he grasped th' envenomed darts,
And shot them furious at the Cyclops' hearts.

Next fierce Achilles, o'er the azure field,
 Lifts the broad splendour of th' immortal shield; 455
 Sheathed in refulgent panoply divine,
 He moves in flames along the glancing brine:
 So stern, so ruthless, so athirst for blood,
 He strode to battle through Scamander's flood;
 With direst rage, implacable he burns, 460
 And all his fury on Iberia turns;
 Shakes the keen spear before his buoyant car,
 And leads his British myrmidons to war.

Swift to the strife of ocean's heroes came
 Th' intrepid force of mighty Polypheme; 465
 Dark frowned her imaged Cyclop o'er the deep, (22)
 As once he frowned on rough Trinacria's steep;
 When with wild rage he tore the rifted peak,
 And whirled it, erring, at the wandering Greek.

With surer aim, he whirled the moulled ore, 470
To prove his might upon a Gallic proue.

Then follows the Revenge—In fury dread,
Tisiphone moved raging at the head,
Girt with her sister-fiends; and round her lay,
The dogs of battle panting for their prey; 475
Blew from their arid jaws the sulphurous breath,
Hot as the blast of hell, replete with death:
Round her grim visage curl the hissing snakes,
Clank the dire chains; the blazing torch she shakes;
Wields the long scorpion-lash, at every bound, 480
And shakes dismay, and rueful horrors round.

With foam-girt sides, the nimble Swiftsure flies,
Fleet as an eagle cuts the liquid skies, (23)

When urged by hunger, on the marshalled cranes
 He wings his flight;—quick through the heavenly
 plains, 485

Trembling they fly; but he, with furious swoop,
 Darts like a whirlwind on the screaming troop;
 Pounces, gripes, tears the unresisting prey;
 With blood-tinged plumage strews th' ethereal way;
 With piercing beak the reeking entrails draws, 490
 And deep in blood imbrues his rending claws.

Dark grows the ambient surge, as rolls along
 The shadowy black Defence, compact and strong:
 So from the rock a stately castle lowers
 Armed for a siege with all its hundred towers, 495
 Placed on the confines of a warlike land,
 Some potent foe to chasten, or command;

Whose glittering legions, rallying from afar,
Bring fire and sword—the pride and pomp of war;
Secure it stands and all their rage defies; 500
Destruction roars, the volleying thunder flies;
Thinned are the ranks, th' enfeebled legions yield,
And storms of fire pursue them o'er the field :
So looks the proud Defence, prepared to rain
A sulphurous deluge on the fleets of Spain. 505

With sounding keel, and wide distended sail,
Th' imperious Thunderer scuds before the gale :
In all his terrors blazed her sculptured Jove,
As when on Titan's impious host he drove
The vengeful storm of mingled sleet, and fire, 510
Winged with resistless speed, and barbed with ire.
Again he shoots the lightning of his glance,
With withering vengeance, at the sons of France:

Circled in flame, and spreading wide alarms,
 Red gleams the thunder of th' almighty arms: 515
 Retiring ocean trembles as he nods,
 And owns th' immortal sire of men and gods.

The fierce Defiance next to battle steers :
 A fell Erinny on her prow appears,
 Ruthless as fate, she shakes two shining spears; 520
 Iberia's flags, and Gallia's floating might,
 She views with scorn, and dares them to the fight.

The Prince succeeds—and on her brazen prow, (24)
 The noble Edward raised his princely brow.
 In sable arms he marched, while o'er his head 525
 Bohemia's triple plume its glories shed,
 Soft as the new-formed wreath of Alpine snow,
 White as the feathery surge that foamed below;

The sword that widowed France on Cressy's day,
Again to conquest cuts its wonted way. 530

Last the dark Dreadnought on the foamy brine,
Unfurled her flag, and closed th' embattled line ;
On her sharp beak a sea-born hero stood,
Like Hawke, or Rodney, or th' illustrious Hood :
Rapt fancy heard him, as he threatening cried, 535
Shook the keen faulchion, and the foe defied.—

“ Let Europe's powers, at mad ambition's call,
“ Unite their hosts, and Britain meets them all :
“ Firm as the rocky mounds that gird her shore,
“ She joys to hear the din of battle roar ; 540
“ With walls of fire, her patriot king surrounds,
“ His cause avenges, and his foes confounds :
“ In wrath she sends her fateful navies forth,
“ Strong, and impetuous as th' infuriate north.

" All terrible in war, sublime they move, 545

" And dare the world, in arms, their force to prove."

Swift as each column glides in strong array,
From van to rear their bounding frigates play; (25)
To waft the chiefs' quick mandates through the fleet,
With friendly voice the conquered foe to greet; 550
The labouring ship, with timely aid to save,
Or snatch the drowning wretches from the wave.

Here swift Euryalus alert and bold,
Near the grim foe displayed her sides of gold;
Of mimic gold, whose purple radiance shone, 555
Through the clear azure, in a glittering zone:
Her crimson banners, there, the Sirius raised,
And o'er the gleaming surge resplendent blazed;

Prepared to lance the fatal bolts of war,
Like the keen shafts of that malignant star, 560
Whose name she bore, when all his arrows fly,
In wasting ruin from the angry sky.

Bright as the moon's round orb the Phæbe swims,
And last along the wave the nimble Naiad skims.

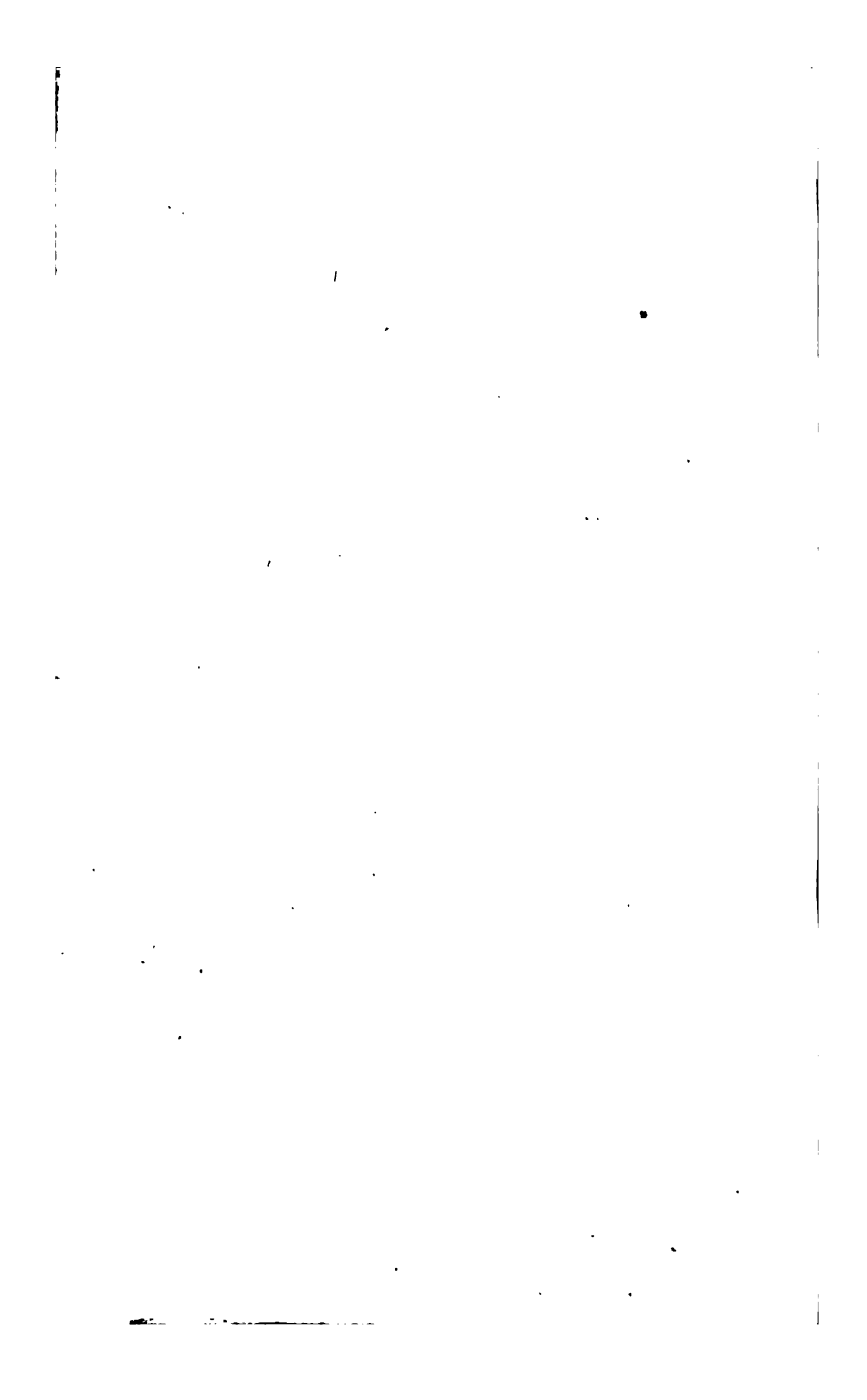
END OF BOOK FIRST.

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR,

HEROIC POEM.

BOOK II.

Οἱ δ', ὅτε δὴ ῥες Χωρον ἵνα ξυνιοντες ἱκοντο,
Συν ῥ' ἔβαλον ῥινος, συν δ' ἔγκρα, καὶ μενέ ἀνδρῶν
Χαλκεοθωρήχων. ατὰρ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλδέσσαι
Ἐπληγτ' ἀλλήλησι, πολὺς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ὀρώρει.



BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR,

HEROIC POEM.

ARGUMENT OF BOOK II.

GENERAL view of the hostile fleets—thoughts on their approach—prayer of the poet for the triumph of Britain—a calm—Nelson gives the word of battle, and engages the Bucentaur—Collingwood's division at the same time attacks the enemy with great impetuosity—general description of the battle—the Temeraire is attacked and boarded by two of the enemy's ships—Alfred, a British youth, performs many acts of distinguished valour—his history—is slain—the Britons repulse the foe—Villeneuve strikes his colours—the Achilles is blown up—the Victory attacks the Santis-

sima Triuidada—they are lashed together—while the artillery plays furiously below, the sharp-shooters from the tops cause great destruction among the officers—Friendship's advice to Nelson to lay aside the star which he wore on his breast—his speech on that occasion—he is marked by an experienced sharp-shooter—Palmer, Adair, and Scott are slain—Nelson sees their fall with grief—his prayer for victory and death—he is mortally wounded—the Britons direct all their fury against the tops of the Spanish ship—Baltazar strikes his flag—Nelson is informed of his complete victory over the combined fleets—his death.

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR,

A

HEROIC POEM.

BOOK II.

THUS through the deep, the marshalled navies steer,
Fate leads the van, and Havoc joins the rear ;
The flags of France in martial splendour glow,
In circuit vast, like heaven's refulgent bow,
When bending o'er the boundless fields of space, 5
The world hangs glistening in its wide embrace ;
But Britain's squadrons o'er the surges past,
Like two black clouds before the driving blast,

When low, and dense, o'er-shadowing earth, they sail,
Charged with dark thunder, tempest, fire and hail:^[10]

In gorgeous pomp their floating banners stream,
And like th' impetuous comet's ruddy gleam,
The ardent fires of contest seem to shed,
Pouring new glories on each warrior's head.

Such glorious fleets old Ocean ne'er had seen, 15
Arrayed for battle on his realms of green;
Not such a force the Grecian heroes bore,
Breathing revenge upon the Trojan shore:
Not with such fleets th' indignant Romans came,
To fire the Tyrian towers with raging flame: 20
Nor rich Iberia, when her scornful pride
Launched her Armada on the sounding tide;
With vain intent, to pour her mighty hosts
On Albion's shores—such potent fleets could boast.

Them heaven's dread storms, and Britain's whelm-
ing ire, 25

Sunk in the deep, or cloathed in vengeful fire. (1)

Such direful ruin, such inglorious fate,

On every proud invader's steps await;

The hour he meets insulted Britain's eyes,

Her lightnings blast him, and that hour he dies. 30

Alas! how soon shall all this gallant sight,

Be wrapt in flames, and death, and lurid night.

Ere gloomy darkness spread her ebon wing,

Or eve her shades upon the waves shall fling,

The proudest ships that ride the buoyant flood, 35

Shall sink, entombed, beneath a sea of blood;

Or burst to pieces in the scorching air,

With not a fragment left, to tell they were.

No other morn shall heaven permit to rise,

On many a French and British warrior's eyes; 40

This fatal day shall many a widow mourn,
Bending in silence o'er her husband's urn ;
The rose on many a virgin's cheek turn pale,
And many an orphan sadden at the tale.

Almighty power! whose high eternal sway, 45
Conflicting storms and warring floods obey ;
To none but thee the awful powers belong,
The weak to strengthen, and confound the strong ;
To guide the sailor through the boisterous wave,
To shield in battle, and in tempests save ; 50
O hear my prayer ! display thy guardian power,
Protect my country in this fateful hour ;
And if thy righteous sentence has decreed,
The brave to fall, and Nelson's self to bleed,
Let Victory come in angel form confest, 55
To twine her laurels round Britannia's crest.

Now in mid sky the sun his glory shrouds,
 As struck with horror in a night of clouds ;
 The vagrant winds the surge no longer sweep,
 But every breeze lies slumbering on the deep ; 60
 No distant fight th' approaching squadrons wage,
 No threatening sound declares their inward rage ;
 No fate-gorged cannon pours his fiery breath,
 But all is silent as the sleep of death ;
 And ere each warrior strikes the menaced blow, 65
 His heart beats feeble, and his pulse moves slow.

But now with half-furled sails the Victory steers,
 Near the Bucentaur's black terrific tiers :
 Each frowns at each, with stern infuriate hate,
 Horror, and death upon their frowns await:— 70
 Tremendous pause !—'till Bronté's mighty lord,
 " For God and England "—gives the battle-word,

Quick as the word the nimble lightning runs
Along the deck, and fires the volleying guns,
Then on mad wing the loosened thunder soars, 57
Then scowling Fury through the battle roars,
Then from th' abyss remorseless Discord springs,
Storming so loud that heaven's high concave rings;
Girt with grim Terror, Rage, and pale Affright,
Around her head she rolls a sudden night, 80
Wide o'er th' encountering fleets her pinions spreads,
Rouses her demons from their brimstone beds,
Loud on the fiends of death, and havoc cries,
And bids the spirits of th' accursed arise.

While here, great Bronté urged the growing fight, ^[85]
The Sovereign's hero thundered on the right,
Through the strong Anna's ribs of jointed oak,
With furious crash his rapid broadsides broke.

The Mars and Duff involved in smoke and flame,
 Swift through the line with hideous ruin came; 90
 So poets paint the ruthless god of war,
 Rolled by Bellona in her iron car,
 While the blue lightnings glare around his head,
 The groaning axle mounts o'er hills of dead,
 And raging furies, in immortal speed, 95
 Lash with their snakes each fiery-footed steed.
 The Swiftsure here with devastating swoop,
 Poured her dire batteries on a Spanish poop,
 From stern to stem the sweeping fury tore,
 Raked the long decks, and marked its path with gore. [100
 Lo! fierce Bellerophon and Cooke advance,
 Rolling red vengeance on the prows of France;
 Ah! see—the hero falls by glory's fires,
 And in the blaze of victory expires!

Th' Orion, there, upon the prows of Spain, 105

Drives the dense tempest of her iron rain.

Her loud artillery great Britannia plays,

And Spartiate rolls the sanguinary blaze:

Here, two Achilles meet with equal rage,

And there, three Neptunes in the strife engage; 110

Above, below, their strong-chained globes are hurled,

Their prize the empire of the watery world.

The dauntless Hero thunders on the flood;

The stern Leander rides o'er waves of blood.

Night rolls—fires flash—the imps of darkness yell, 115

While Gallic Pluto comes with "blasts from hell,"

And Britain's Thunderer darts her bolts around,

Smites the proud foe, and shakes the deep profound;

As if th' immortals, who on Phrygia's soil ⁽²⁾

Waged dreadful fight, resumed the glorious toil; 120

Arms clash on arms, the gods the gods oppose,
And earth, and heaven in charge of battle close.

With rapid fires the reddening billows glow,
Till each brave vessel grapples with her foe ;
Loud roars the strife, and fell destruction sweeps, 125
With rage unbridled o'er the bellowing deeps:
Dense clouds of nitrous smoke obscure the day,
Thick, and more thick the forky lightnings play;
Peals upon peals, and peals redoubling roll,
'Till ocean trembles to the utmost pole ; 130
Such hideous din convulsed the Stygian coasts,
Roared through th' abyss, appalled the startling ghosts,
When gloomy Dis the loud alarum rung,
And pale with rage, and mingled terror sprung,
As o'er his head earth's flint-ribbed barriers shook, 135
And Hell's foundations trembled at his look,

Lest he whose trident shakes the earth and main,
Should burst the convex of his drear domain,
Pierce the deep centre of the world unknown,
And pour heaven's light around th' infernal throne. 140
Or as all hell, with congregated might,
Had rushed rebellious to the realms of light,
Their adamantine chains asunder riven,
And marched in arms to storm the towers of heaven ;
While the bright legions of th' eternal king, 145
Came sallying forth upon the thunder's wing,
Rolling before them, with tempestuous ire,
Huge surging billows of devouring fire,
'Till now both hosts swift-rushing from afar,
Stopt short—in horrid shock—then roared the war. 150
Through Ether's champaign fearful chaos spread,
Wild Ruin stormed, and Nature shrunk with dread,

Hell groaned beneath, as Light with Darkness strove,
And rocked heaven's crystal battlements above.

Now every ship with all her powers engaged, 155
And now the hottest of the battle raged;
At each discharge the staggering fleets recoiled,
Blood-torrents flowed—the crimsoned surges boiled;
Each hero strove, as if his single might
Would gain th' immortal trophies of the fight; 160
While o'er his head the warrior Thunder strode,
And Fate on every ball triumphant rode.

What fell confusion roars along the sky!
Masts, yards, and beams in splintery fragments fly;
Loud groans each shattered hulk—the timbers start—¹⁶⁵
Bolts spring—ribs shiver—and the planks dispart—

With many a gaping wound the sides are gored—
The shrouds are mangled—thundering by the board,
Crashes th' unwieldy mast—" On, on ye brave ! (3)
" With maddening horrors let the tempest rave, 170 }
" For George and England, glory, or the grave !" }

By many a various fate the warrior falls,
Mid storms of fire, and showers of whistling balls :
While one with out-stretched arm exhorts his band,
A viewless fury lops th' unconscious hand; 175
Aghast he looks with horror and surprise !
Another fury rends his fractured thighs :
A second, while he mounts the tottering mast,
Struck by the whizzing ball's resistless blast,
Groans out his troubled soul :—a third is borne, 180
Far o'er the surge, in many a fragment torn.

One on the giddy top's aerial round,
 Deep in his temples feels the deadly wound,
 While with fixed eye he marks the distant foe—
 Lifts the bright tube, and aims th' avenging blow; 185
 In death his fingers press th' elastic springs,
 And as he falls, th' exploding musket rings.
 Another tumbles on the mounds of dead,
 Struck in the neck, and shortened by the head;
 The trunk with hollow echo falls supine; 190
 Starts the hot marrow from the fractured spine; (A)
 And round the slippery deck, with ghastly glare,
 The rolling visage trails the clotted hair.

Thus fall th' insatiate foes by mutual wounds,
 With dying groans each hollow vessel sounds, 195
 The decks are thick bestrewn with heaps of slain,
 Torn limbs, and shattered bones, and reeking brain:

Death strides from ship to ship with sweeping scythe ;
On every poop damned fiends of murder writhe,
Demons of carnage ride th' empurpled flood, 200
Champ their fell jaws, and quaff the streaming blood.

Hard were the task to sing their valiant deeds ;
How Britain conquers, how the battle bleeds :
Not all the grandeur of the Theban lyre,
Nor Milton's harp, nor Homer's muse of fire, 205
Could match the theme :—but truth in simple vest,
From one bold action bids us learn the rest.

Amid the thickest fight the Temeraire,
Raged as if Nelson's mighty soul were there ;
From all her batteries rained the vollied sleet, 210
Burst through the French, and raked the Spanish fleet.
When, chance so orders—two vindictive foes,
Sure of their prey, the reeling ship enclose ;

The thundering might of Spain on that side roars,
 And France on this, her blazing vengeance pours ; [215
 Till side by side a conquering blow to strike,
 Each boarder firmly grasps his thirsty pike ;
 They storm the gunnels, on the deck they spring,
 While hell-born Murder claps his raven wing ;
 In grim delight he wields the griding sword, 220
 Towers at their head, and bids his warriors board !
 Ranged back to back the Britons meet the shock,
 Gloomy as fate, and stable as the rock.
 Hot grows the toil along the bloody van,
 Where sword hacks sword, and man encounters man ; [225
 Gasping on heaps of slain th' invader lies ;
 Sad o'er the deck resound his dying cries ;
 In many a deep, and mingling current runs
 The blood of France, and Spain's and Britain's sons.

First in the conflict, with tempestuous force, 230
A youth of Britain urged his fateful course:
Dark on his shaded brow sat grim Despair,
Gleamed in his eye, and tossed his bushy hair;
Long had his bosom throbb'd with love's alarms,
And felt the matchless power of Ellen's charms; 235
For Ellen shone with every varying grace,
And potent beauty o'er her form and face
Shed the sweet magic, that with guileless art,
Trills every cord that binds the lover's heart.
Nor long against his pleasing suit she strove, 240
But owned his influence, and confessed her love.
And now the nuptial morn appointed shone,
To bless their mutual vows, and make them one:
The blushing virgin clothed in charms divine,
With fluttering heart approached the holy shrine: [245

When Fame, in sorrow, brought the dreadful truth,
 That some false fair engaged the fickle youth;
 Deep through her gentle soul cold horror ran,
 Yet her meek tongue no curses poured on man:
 She wished for death—but heaven denied the boon, [256
 And wrapped in Frenzy's shades her mental noon:
 The beauteous maniac fled the haunts of men,
 Traced the sea-beach, or sought the lonely glen.

He, easy victim of a slanderous tale,
 Cursed his hard fate, and fled his native vale; 255
 Deep to his soul Remorse impelled her dart,
 Twined her fell vipers round a wounded heart,
 And spurred him forward, on his country's foe,
 To seek in death—a refuge from his woe.
 But long he sought in vain:—the trenchant blade, 260
 Round his loose wrist in flaming circles played

Like vengeful lightning, burst the dense array,
Mowed down the foe, and hewed resistless way.
First stout Alcanzor, from the shores of Spain,
Felt the keen fury in his spouting brain. 265
Long had he joyed in battle's loud alarm,
Firm was his heart, and valour strung his arm;
But Superstition, still to reason blind,
With iron sceptre ruled his darkened mind;
Bravely he dared the British foe to meet, 270
Fired by the dictates of a holy cheat—
"That heaven would grant his arms the laurel crown,
"And bind his brow with triumph and renown!"
But Alfred's driving steel their virtue tried,
And showed his country that the prophet lied. 275

Then fell young Valmont from the banks of Seine;
Fair was his face and faultless as his mien;

But better was he skilled to please the fair,
 Than mix with heroes in the bristly war.
 Joined to the ranks of Spain, with proud desire, 280
 He raised the tube to aim his missile fire;
 But ere he touched the spring, the British sword,
 The arm had severed from its trembling lord.
 Swift through the neck a second blow succeeds,
 And low in death the gay Parisian bleeds. 285
 So falls a lily, lopt in sportive mood,
 By rod of school-boy sauntering through the wood;
 His frequent blows the tallest blossoms strike,
 Thistle and wild-rose feel his rage alike;
 With flowery spoils earth's fragrant lap he spreads, 290
 And thinks he lops stout warriors' crested heads.

 Then Carlos fell.—From Tagus' golden sands
 The youth ill-fated led his warlike bands:

The rending steel deep entering in his side,
Drew through the opening ribs a gory tide. 295

Rushing impetuous to his friend's relief,
Alonzo marked his fall with rage and grief;
For virtue's holy laws, and plighted truth,
In deathless love had bound him to the youth;
With keen revenge his ardent bosom burned— 300
Quick on the foe his crimson steel he turned.

Fierce as a lion on Caffraria's sands,
Whose mate has fallen by the hunter's hands,
In love's dread season, when the raging flame
Fires his bold heart, and thrills his sinewy frame : 305
Robbed of his joy he roars along the plain,
Winds his long tail, and shakes his horrent mane ;

From his red eye-ball darts the frequent flash—
 Foam his wide jaws, his teeth ferocious gnash :
 On the armed foe he springs with sudden bound, 310
 And both lie slain by many a mutual wound.

So fierce Alonzo on the Briton sprung—
 Their swords struck fire, and loud their death-clash rung ;
 One blade had oft been dyed in Moorish gore,
 One gleamed on Caledonia's hills of yore, 315
 What time, in God's and Freedom's holy cause,
 Wallace and Bruce opposed a tyrant's laws :
 In many a rapid fiery whirl they move,
 Now shine below, and now they glance above :
 Long in the horrid pastime they delight, 320
 And Victory hovers o'er the doubtful fight.

At length with gathered strength, upon the foe
 Th' impatient Britain aims a furious blow :

Close by the ear the thundering blade descends,
Swift through the riven jaw a passage rends, 325
And glancing edgeways with a keen control,
Through the gashed windpipe frees th' indignant soul.
But in the instant—at th' unguarded chest,
Th' Iberian's hand the rapid steel addressed,
With nervous thrust, and pierced the mortal part, 330
Where rolls the vital current from the heart :
Fast spouts th' arterial gore—in death he lies,
And shades relentless settle on his eyes.

O ill-starred youth! no maiden o'er thy tomb,
Shall pour her precious tears, or mourn thy doom; 335
But oft thy injured Ellen's faded form,
Wet with the dew, and trembling in the storm,
By the wild margin of the lonely deep,
Unconscious of thy fate, shall sit and weep ;

Or oft, as fancy's pleasing dreams beguile,
 O'er her wan cheek shall steal such mournful smile 340
 As e'en from iron hearts would force a sigh,
 Or draw a tear from stern oppression's eye;
 In gentlest whispers shall she chide thy stay,
 And bid her soul's first joy—her Alfred come away.

Thus gallant Alfred in the conflict strove, 345
 And gave to glory what he vowed to love—
 Thus nobly fell—with many a warlike name,
 Strange to the muses, and unknown to fame.

O'er Albion's flag to hoist the pride of France,
 Thrice to the charge the eager foes advance, 350
 Thrice from the decks with backward step they reel,
 Scathed by the lightning of the British steel,

Their scattered powers the Britons quick pursue,
With arm of thunder, and in pieces hew.
So fierce, so terrible they rush along, 355
Armed with dread fate, as heaven's artillery strong,
That every foe with terror wings his flight,
Or sinks oppressed in shades of endless night:
Quick as they flee like lion-hunted deer,
Deep through the back some feel the deadly spear, 360
Some, while they grasp their friendly shrouds expire,
Struck by the sword, or swift pursuing fire;
Hurled in the wave, with spouting rills of gore,
They mark their downward path, and rise no more,
While others, ere they reach the flashing tides, 365
Are caught and crushed between the jostling sides.
Loud shouts of triumph from the victors rise, (5)
Roll o'er the main, and echo to the skies.

While thus the combat rages far and wide,
 The Victory furious on Bucentaur's side 370
 Rained such tremendous force of iron shower,
 As no terrestrial—no created power
 Could long withstand :—one horrid broadside sped,
 And twice two hundred on the decks lay dead; (6)
 Through all her crashing length the vessel feels, 375
 The hurricane of death—and starts and heels:
 The guns dismounted by the shattering blow,
 Roll headlong, thundering, crushing all below—
 The decks are shivered—every timber shakes—
 Tremble the reeling masts—the battered fabric quakes. 380

Brave Villeneuve, though oft his dauntless soul,
 Had marked the whirlwind of destruction roll;
 Ne'er saw such havoc sweep th' embattled field,
 As now compelled his stubborn heart to yield.

For France that day through floods of death and gore,
385

The battle's hottest brunt he nobly bore :

Th' unequal conflict should he longer wage,

Through impotent despair, and fruitless rage ;

Another broadside with infuriate sweep,

Would rend and overwhelm his vessel in the deep— 390

His mighty spirit bends to fortune's laws,

And owns the triumph of Britannia's cause ;

But yet with tardy hand to Brontë's lord,

He strikes his flag, and yields the captive sword. (7)

While conquest here to Britain's standard turned, 395

Stern in the fight the French Achilles burned :

But as her fires with swift destruction flew,

Caught by th' unguarded flame, in air she blew : (8)

From the strong sides the heaving decks upturn,

With fearful burst, on fiery whirlwinds borne, 400

Far through the regions of the blackening sky,
 With booming speed, and deadly ruin fly:
 The glowing timbers shoot portentous glare,
 The wheeled artillery thunder in the air,
 And mangled victims in the storm expire, 405
 Whirled to the clouds in mingled smoke and fire.
 Far o'er the billows glance the sanguine rays,
 Ether's wide concave reddens with the blaze:
 The hostile fleets with strange concussions reel,
 And heaven and earth the dire explosion feel. 410

So burning *Ætna*, with tremendous roar,
 Rocks on her base, and shakes *Sicilia's* shore,
 Spouts mineral torrents to the molten skies,
 Involved in flame, and spreading as they rise;
 While feverish *Fancy* thinks the Prince of Hell, 415
 Roars in the blast, and all the damned rebel;

The red tornado of the blaze bestride,
And armed with rage through heaven careering ride.

But Bronté sees unmoved the tempest roll—
To other conquests turns his mighty soul, 420
And thus accosts his terror-breathing bands:—
“Another triumph now your arms demands:
“Lo! on yon ship the Spanish banners gleam,
“The haughtiest ship that swims the ocean-stream;
“Close to her fires our ship triumphant guide, 425
“And try the combat glorious side by side;
“On Vincent’s day she owned our naval reign, (9)
“Though chance returned her to the arms of Spain,
“To day we meet—nor fate shall part us more,
“Till deep they sink us, or our prize restore.” 430

He said—the helm th' obedient pilots steer:

In towering might the gallant ships draw near;

Proud as they move the deadly fight to wage,

Frowning defiance, and relentless rage,

A gloomy shade each pitchy bulwark throws, 435

Each warrior sternly marks th' advancing foes,

Nearer they come—yet nearer—hark! they close. }

As if the moon by wrathful nature hurled,

The spell dissolved that guides her round the world,

In fierce encounter met this earthly ball, 440

And threatening skies portended instant fall;

So fiercely met Iberia's floating tower,

And Albion's ship, in all their deadly power:

Their chafing sides in dire commotion crash,

And yards on yards with crackling fury clash; 445

Like breaking clouds loose driving in the blast,
Flaps the rent canvas on the splintered mast,
And every warrior staggers with the shock,
As each, full-sailed, had struck a storm-lashed rock,
When Bronté thunders—"to decide the fight, 450
"Quick lash her to—and leave no chance for flight:"
With equal rage the Spanish warriors cry,
"Quick lash her to—we conquer or we die."
Grim at their posts th' undaunted sailors stand,
Quick glides the binding rope through every hand, 455
With winding chains the hostile prows are tied,
And grasping irons seize each adverse side.

Now each bound ship more awful lifts her form,
With rage more fell they hurl the ceaseless storm :
Gun roars at gun, and tier from tier rebounds, 460
The dismal crash through each black ship resounds ;

Shocks upon shocks convulse their opening frames,
 And both seem closely wrapped in smouldering flames :
 So close th' artillery played, the blazes fired (10)
 Each pitchy side, and fast the flames aspired: . 465
 Thence had they spread, impatient of delay,
 Round each black ship, with unresisted sway;
 But calm and fearless in the jaws of death,
 Before th' opposing cannons' murderous breath,
 The British tars arrest the rapid flash, 470
 And round the blazing ports the briny torrents dash.

While thus below the fierce artillery strive,
 Thick from above the leaden tempests drive;
 The rapid fires the well-armed tops illume,
 And flashing through the dense sulphureous gloom, 475
 In awful splendour to each warrior show,
 Where grimly lowers the smoke-enveloped foe.

Such floods of fire through fields of ether stream, (11)
Pour from the pole, in billowy splendour gleam,
When Nature revelling with the Northern Morn, 480
Bids her dread charms night's ebon throne adorn,
Wide o'er the skies th' electric radiance plays,
While boding nations, trembling as they gaze,
See glittering legions to the charge advance—
Swords burn, shields clash, and foaming chargers prance, [485
Denouncing horrid war, and death, and woe,
In justice sent to scourge the world below.

O then the horrors of the fight began,
Foe marked his foe, and man lay slain by man,
The chiefs were singled from the hostile train, 490
Fate frowned more dark, new thunders shook the main;
As all the furies of each adverse fleet,
Had here resolved in dreadful shock to meet,

As only here the fiends of strife engaged ;
 And here the Spirit of the battle raged ; 495
 And Death loud storming from a nitrous cloud
 Waved the long banner of his sable shroud,
 Shook ruin down, and grinned with horrid joy,
 Fired his bold sons, ferocious to destroy,
 And while the smoaking-corses dashed the wave, 500
 Snuffed the hot steam of gore fast gushing from the
 brave :

For Carnage heated by the bloody strife,
 Swept on more fierce, more prodigal of life :
 Now on bold wing o'er each dark vessel soared,
 Now between decks with all his phalanx roared ; 505
 Knee-deep in blood around the area played,
 And bared his reeking arm, and whirled his bicker-
 ing blade.

In all the horrors of the rueful scene,
 With heart unshaken—dauntless, and serene,

Involved in stench, and smoke, and brimstone night,
The godlike Bronté urged the glowing fight : ^[510]

Like Britain's genius on the poop he trod,

Armed with the terrors of th' avenging god ;

As when emerging from his pearly realm,

Some strong Armada in the deep to whelm ; 515

Beneath his feet th' embattled clouds are spread,

Storm, fire, and darkness rage around his head ;

Proud on his roaring cliffs, erect he stands,

Wields heaven's red thunder in his giant hands ;

Whirls with sure aim the brandished bolt on high, 520

And gives devouring lightning wings to fly.

As fiercely round him blazed th' infuriate strife,

Roused Friendship trembled for the hero's life ;

For on his breast a glittering trophy shone,
 Britannia's star—the honours of the throne: 525
 (Such honours oft mysterious fate bestows, (12)
 To tempt the valiant, or to death expose;)
 She saw his danger, and in foresight sage,
 To save her Nelson from the marksman's rage,
 With fond persuasion, grasped his hand and cried—530
 "O! lay this fate-attracting charm aside:
 "The foes to missile war inured and bred,
 "Hurl at our bravest sons the vengeful lead;
 "Should Britain's star once meet their eager eye,
 "Impelled by fate a thousand balls would fly— 535
 "O! let not Friendship, Wisdom vainly plead,
 "Lest mourning Albion in her hero bleed."

But vain were words his fixed resolve to bend,
 He shunned the counsel, though he loved the friend.

“No! ne’er, he said, shall Fame’s censorious voice,
[540
“Repeat the tale, nor Britain’s foes rejoice,
“That dastard Fear, with palsied hand, unbraced
“The royal gift that Nelson’s bosom graced!
“Ne’er let the British star by fraud, or art,
“Shine with false glory on a coward heart! 545
“Through storms of fire and death this star shall glow,
“And stream its lightning on my country’s foe.”

Too valiant chief!—thy own unconquered fire,
Devours thy life, and Friendship’s hopes expire!

The keen sharp-shooters whose tremendous skill,
[550
As fate unerring, boasts the power to kill,
Marked, faintly shining through the gloom from far,
The silver radiance of the British star.

Among them stood a veteran known to fame,
 Who ruled their force, Gonsalvo was his name; 555
 To hurl the fatal lead was all his joy,
 The sport that pleased the man, had charmed the boy ;
 Long had he joyed the wintry game to trace,
 And urge in summer's heat the ardent chase :
 With rapid balls the flying deer he tore, 560
 Or poured his vollies on the tusky boar.
 Thus had he reigned the terror of the woods,
 Till Fame allured him to the warring floods
 In quest of nobler prey— he quickly spied
 The shining glory, and transported cried :— 565
 “ Lo! my brave sons where Britain's boldest knight,
 “ Girt with his heroes, animates the fight,
 “ To day what glories would our arms emblaze,
 “ What solid trophies of eternal praise !

" If heaven should prosper our resistless art, 570

" And guide this bullet to the lion's heart.

" Ye saints to whom my native land is dear,

" Whose names we reverence, and whose power we fear,

" Accept our vows, and on your holiest shrine,

" Shall Britain's star, a glorious offering shine: 575

" O! grant our prayer!—destroy this scourge of Spain,

" This lord of fate, this terror of the main!"

He said—they levelled—and the tempest flew—

They erred from Bronté, but his heroes slew :—

First brave Adair their ruthless vengeance feels, 580

And o'er the deck in life's last effort reels.

From Erin's isle, and Antrim's happy clime,

Whose vales romantic, and whose shores sublime,

Oft charmed his soul—the youthful warrior came,
 Fired with high hopes of never-dying fame ; 585
 Nor vain his hopes, though fate had sealed his doom :
 In life's gay morn, or manhood's opening bloom :
 The moulded lead impetuous winged its way,¹
 Rushed through the brain, and tore his life away:

O happy youth ! thrice happy thus to die, 590
 Blest in th' ennobling cause of liberty !
 For thee shall Lagan's nymphs their chaplets twine,
 With Nelson's honours joy to mingle thine ;
 And Erin's bards in fame-inspiring lays,
 Shall fire their youth to emulate thy praise. 595

Then prone in death the valiant Palmer falls,
 Smote on the bosom by a shower of balls :

So falls a stately oak that long had stood,
In branching pride, the glory of the wood,
Long shaken to and fro ; till heaven at last, 600
With forky lightning, and the rending blast,
Strikes through its stubborn strength—with crashing
 sound,
Thundering it falls, and hills, and vales resound.

But fires more furious next in gore extend,
 Heroic Scott, immortal Nelson's friend, 605
 Sudden he fell, beside his warlike train,
 Shorn by a furious thunderbolt in twain.

Thou too, O Hardy! in that bloody strife,
Hadst left at glory's shrine thy noble life,
Unless some angel swift at heaven's command, 610
Had o'er thee held his tutelary hand,

Turned the thick storm of whistling balls away,
Or bade them round thee "innocently play."

As Nelson sees his bravest warriors die,
Grief moves his heart, he heaves a pitying sigh, 615
And while the stunning peals incessant roll,
Thus pours in silent prayer his fervent soul :—⁽¹³⁾

"Great God of battles! whose almighty power,
"Hath been my shield in many a trying hour; "
"Thou, who so oft hast bade thy angels bless 620
"Britannia's arms, and mine, with great success;
"O once again with favouring eye look down,
"Defend our cause, our fleets with glory crown;
"I ask not life—but hear, O hear my prayer!
"Spare my brave heroes, guardian Father, spare! 625
"Grant them that mercy thou hast shown to me;
"While I, obedient to thy kind decree,

“ Here for my country pour my latest breath,—
“ My life of glory close in glorious death.”

Heaven heard—Britannia sighed—the death-ball
 prest, 630
Aimed at the hero's lion-hearted chest ;
Hissing it flew with more than mortal force,
Through the left shoulder urged its rapid course,
Thence slanting downwards through the lungs it tore,
Lodged in the spine, and drank the precious gore: 635
Not instant freedom to his soul it gives ;
By heaven's indulgent grace he lives, he lives !
Nor shuts his eyes in death's relentless sleep,
Till Britain's banners triumph on the deep.

[640

'Tis said, when Murder on the round top's height,
Reeking with gore, and clothed in dreary night,

With Spain's elated sons, beheld the deed,
 And Albion's hero to the vitals bleed :
 With thirsty jaws the bloody bowl he quaffed,
 And roared aloud for joy, and stamped, and laughed. ^{[645}
 The thoughtless crew soon caught the horrid sound, ⁽¹⁴⁾
 And rolled th' exulting shout of triumph round,
 As haughty Albion's proudest hopes were dead,
 As Albion's spirit with her son's had fled!
 Unhappy race! too soon your hearts rejoice, 650
 Too soon ye raise the high triumphal voice!
 For one great chief—for one destructive ball,
 Your bravest warriors, ranks, on ranks shall fall.
 Lo! all the horrors of avenging fate,
 O'er your proud ship in dire assemblage wait! 655

 As Victory by the flags of Albion stood,
 Flushed with the toil, and breathing mists of blood;

She marked the ball on Fate's swift pinions fly,
And shrieked with loud involuntary cry;
A chilly coldness through her bosom crept ; 660
Propt on her spear, she bowed her head and wept ;
Now o'er her face a death-like paleness spread,
And now it kindled to a dazzling red,
For grief and rage possessed her soul by turns,
Now pity melts—now kindling vengeance burns : 665
She grasps her spear, erects her plummy crest,
And breathes new fire in every valiant breast,
And shouts aloud "the doleful deed is done,
"Rouse, Britons, rouse!—avenge—avenge my son."

On all the powers of vengeance loud she cried, 670
And all their powers came rallying to her side ;
His warlike sons grim Carnage quick arrayed,
And Death smote furious with his scythe-like blade,

Balls hissed—shells burst—the fell grenadoes flew—

Spain shrieked—Fate stormed and ranks on ranks

o'erthrew—

675

Now raging Havoc takes the lightning's wings,

In rattling thunder to the round tops springs;

With hands remorseless rends th' elated foe,

Hurls the torn members on the decks below,

Nor leaves a man to boast, of all the train,

680

His hand ennobled by great Bronté slain.

The brave Baltazar, Spain's illustrious chief,

Sighed at their fall, with mingled shame and grief:

His heroes slaughtered, and his hopes all fled,

And girt with smoaking hillocks of the dead,

685

He sees fell Ruin sweep th' ensanguined deck,

His ship dismasted—shattered to a wreck,

Faint, and more faint her languid efforts grow,

Through many a gaping wound the surges flow,

Till now half-sinking in the whelming tide, 690

His flag he strikes, and bows his heart of pride.

The thrice repeated loud heart-thrilling cheer,
Conveyed the triumph to the victor's ear;
While in his friend's supporting arms he lay,
And life's retreating floods ebbed fast away. 695

Joy, fluttering cherub, to his bosom stole,
New strung his nerves, and cheered his manly soul;
And Victory too, her dying son carest,
Dropped her sweet influence on his wounded breast,
And while his brows with deathless fame she bound, [700
Poured in his ear the heart-dilating sound;
"Britannia triumphs—Glory sheathes the sword,
"And mighty navies hail thee conquering lord."

Charmed by the sound what new emotions rise,
 And thrill his bosom, as rejoiced he cries!— 705
 “O bless, my soul! O bless th’ Almighty King,
 “His be the praise from whom all glories spring!”—

Rapt in devotion paused the godlike man,
 Then with benignant smile again began:—
 “Ere life be closed—my brave heroic crew, 710
 “Receive my love—my fondest, last, adieu!
 “And to my honoured, noble compeer, tell,
 “Dying, I bid my Collingwood farewell:
 “O may he long, with arm puissant, guide
 “The red-cross flag in triumph o’er the tide, 715
 “Its haughtiest foes, with might resistless, brave,
 “And tell the world,—‘Britannia rules the wave.’

"For me—the bounty of indulgent heaven
"The death of heroes to my prayer has given:
"’Twas all I asked—I kiss the friendly rod— 720
"My king, my country! bless them, O my God!"

He said, his fleeting spirit winged her flight,
To peaceful regions of celestial light.

THE END.

NOTES

TO

BOOK THE FIRST.

NOTES
TO
BOOK THE FIRST.

Note 1.....line 32.

“ Bronté’s dread lord, that thunderbolt of war.”

Scipiades, belli fulmen, Carthaginis horror.

LUCR.

.....duo fulmina belli

Scipiadas.

VIRG.

The title of Duke of Bronté, and the annexed fief, were conferred on Lord Nelson, by Ferdinand the IVth. king of the two Sicilies, as a mark of gratitude for having “ reconquered his kingdom, and placed him on the throne.”

It is remarkable that Bronté is the Greek of thunder.

Donec

Note 2.....lines 45-46.

**“ As erst when France, at Nile’s affrighted flood,
“ Tinged the blue billow with her children’s blood.”**

The celebrated battle of the Nile was fought on the 1st of August, 1798. On the morning of that day the French fleet was discovered moored in the bay of Aboukir. “As all the officers of our squadron were totally unacquainted with Aboukir bay, each ship kept sounding as she stood in. The enemy appeared to be moored in a strong and compact line of battle, close in with the shore, the line describing an obtuse angle in its form, flanked by numerous gun-boats, four frigates, and a battery of guns and mortars on an island in their van.....The position of the enemy presented the most formidable obstacles, but the Admiral viewed them with the eyes of a seaman, determined on attack, and it instantly struck his eager and penetrating mind, that where there was room for one ship to swing, there was room for another of ours to anchor. No further signal was necessary than that which had already been made. The Admiral’s designs were fully known to the whole squadron, as was his determination to conquer or perish in the attempt.” The

result was what might be expected from such a heroic determination. The whole of the enemy's fleet, with the exception of two ships of the line and two frigates, were taken or destroyed, in the battle.

Note 3.....lines 39-40.

"Or, when the Baltic, round his winding shore,
"Heard the dread voice of Britain's thunder roar;"

The memorable victory of Copenhagen was gained on April 2d, 1801. A victory of the utmost importance to the welfare of England, as it dissolved that formidable confederacy of the Northern Powers, known by the name of the "Armed Neutrality."—See an animated and interesting description of this battle in Carr's Northern Summer, or Travels round the Baltic, through Denmark, Sweden, &c.—

Note 4.....lines 55-56.

"While thy bold squadron winged the iron sleet
"That smote her ranks, and swept her widowed street."

How quick they wheel'd, and flying, behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy shower.

MILTON.

Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darkened air.

GRAY.

“It may be difficult to mark the exact boundary of what should be termed plagiarism: where the sentiment and expression are both borrowed without due acknowledgment, there can be no doubt:—single words, on the contrary, taken from other authors, cannot convict a writer of plagiarism: they are lawful game, wild by nature; the property of all who can capture them—and, perhaps, a few common flowers of speech may be gathered as we pass our neighbour's inclosure, without stigmatizing us with the title of thieves but we must not therefore plunder his cultivated fruit.”

DARWIN.

Note 5.....lines 91-92.

“Th’ unconscious sailors sung their Nelson’s name,
“Proud of their chief, and glorying in his fame.”

The reception of Lord Nelson at the fleet, which he joined on the 25th of September, speaks beyond the power of language, the high estimation in which he was held by

those under his command. The following is an extract from a letter to one of his friends, dated about a fortnight before the battle:—

“The reception I met with on joining the fleet, caused the sweetest sensations of my life. The officers who came on board, to welcome my return, forgot my rank as commander in chief in the enthusiasm with which they greeted me. As soon as these emotions were past, I laid before them the plan I had previously arranged for attacking the enemy, and it was not only my pleasure to find it generally approved, but clearly perceived and understood. The enemy are still in port, but something must be immediately done to provoke or lure them to a battle. My duty to my country demands it, and the hopes centered in me, I hope in God, will be realized. In less than a fortnight expect to hear from me, or of me—for who can foresee the fate of battle? Put up your prayers for my success, and may God protect all my friends.”

In a letter of a prior date, he says:—

“I believe my arrival was most welcome, not only to the commander of the fleet, but also to every individual in it; and when I came to explain to them my plan of attack, it was like an electric shock—some shed tears, all

approved.—It was new; it was singular; it was simple; and from admirals downwards it was repeated—it must succeed, if ever they will allow us to get at them.”

For illustration of the lines, which immediately follow those which introduced this note, it may not be unnecessary to observe, that Nelson, at the age of 12, went on board the *Raisonable*, of 64 guns. He afterwards accompanied Lord Mulgrave in his voyage of discovery to the North Pole. The following anecdote, is recorded as a proof of his intrepidity, when he was only a boy.

“ In these high northern latitudes the nights are generally clear; during one of them, notwithstanding the extreme bitterness of the cold, young Nelson was missing, and every search was instantly made in quest of him, and it was imagined he was lost; when, lo! as the rays of the rising sun opened the distant horizon, to the astonishment of his mess-mates, he was discovered at a considerable distance on the ice, armed with a single musket, in anxious pursuit of an immense bear. The lock of the piece having been injured, it would not go off; he had therefore pursued the animal in hopes of tiring him, and at length was able to effect his purpose with the butt-end. Being reprimanded for leaving the ship without leave, the young hero replied, ‘I wished, sir, to get the skin for my father.’”

Note 6.....line 112.

“And Erin's wolf-dogs claimed the fight in vain,”

“The Irish wolf-dogs, being creatures of great strength, and size, and of a fine shape,” may be considered as no less characteristic of Irish, than the Lion of English warriors—They have been esteemed as presents fit for kings: of which there is an instance in Sir Thomas Rowe, Ambassador to the great Mogul, who obtained large favours from that Monarch on account of a present of those dogs, which he made him in 1615. There is extant in the Rolls-office of Ireland, a privy seal from King Henry VIII. obtained at the suite of the Duke of Alberkyrke, of Spain (who was of the privy council of Henry VIII.) for the delivery of two gos-hawks, and four Irish greyhounds, to the Spanish Marquis of Dessaraya and his son, and the survivor of them, yearly; which shows the value put by foreigners on such presents.”

SALMON'S *Geography*.

Note 7.....lines 131-132.

“Escaped that dreadful day, before the gale,
“In one swift ship, he spread the flying sail”

Villeneuve escaped from the battle of the Nile in the

Guillaume Tell, and took refuge in the bay of Malta. The Penelope commanded by Captain Blackwood was stationed, by Lord Nelson, to watch her motions. "Under cover of a dark night and a gale of wind she attempted to elude the vigilance of this gallant officer, and had cleared the harbour when she was attacked by the Penelope, raked and otherwise so roughly damaged in her yards and rigging as to enable our ships to come up, and capture her at day break."

Note 8.....lines 147-148.

"Ranged in the van, three lofty squadrons helm
"Their course resounding, through the liquid realm;"

For the satisfaction of the reader the "following correct list of the French and Spanish line of battle," is here inserted.

GRAND FLEET.

Van.

F. Le Pluton.....	74	F. L'Indomptable.....	80
S. El Monarca.....	74	S. El San Justo.....	74
F. Le Fougueux.....	74	F. L'Intrepide.....	74
S. La Santa Anna, Ad- miral Gardoqui,.....	112	F. Rhin, frigate,.....	40

Centre.

F. Redoubtable.....	74	S. La Santissima Trini- dada, Ad. Baltazar, ..	136
S. El Leandro.....	64		

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F. Le Neptune.....	84	F. Le Heros.....	74
F. Le Bucentaure, Ad-		S. El San Agustin.....	74
miral Villeneuve,.....	80	F. L'Hortense, frigate,	40
		F. La Furet, brig,.....	18

Rear.

F. Le Montblanc.....	74	S. El Rayo.....	100
S. Sn. Francisco De Asis	74	F. Le Scipion.....	74
F. Le Duguay Trouin..	74	S. El Neptune.....	80
F. Le Formidable, Rear		F. La Cornelié, Frigate,	40
Admiral Dumanoir,	80		

FLEET OF OBSERVATION.

Rear Division.

S. El San Juan Nepomu-		F. Achille.....	74
ceno.....	74	S. El San Ildephonso...	74
F. Le Berwick.....	74	F. L'Argonaut.....	74
S. El Principe de Astu-		F. Le Thames, frigate,	40
rias, Admiral Gravina,	112	F. L'Argus, brig,.....	16

Second Division.

F. Le Swiftsure.....	74	S. El Montanoaz.....	74
S. El Argonauta.....	80	F. L'Aigle.....	74
F. L'Algesiras, Rear-		S. La Bahama.....	74
Admiral Magon,.....	74	F. L'Hermoine, frigate,	40

TOTAL.

French Ships of the Line.....	18
Spanish ditto.....	15...33
Frigates.....	5
Brigs.....	2

Note 9.....line 208.

“Craunched their fell jaws, and snuffed their coming
prey ;”

Though the word *craunch* be not used, as far as the author knows, by any modern poet, he has ventured to adopt it on the authority of Spencer and Swift.

Note 10..... lines 223-224.

“The dread command comes tingling on the ear,
“Pale grows each cheek, with strange unwonted fear:”

The eve of a battle is a season of suspense and terror, ten-fold more terrible than the action itself. It is therefore no derogation from the character of the firmest heroes to feel deeply impressed with that ‘unwonted fear’, which the author describes. The great master of the epic lyre, has described the Trojans as trembling for their hero, and Hector himself as seized with emotions of dread.

Τρωας δε τρομος αιγος ὑψηλυθε γυια εκασον,
Ἐκτορι τ’ αὐτῳ θυμος ἐνι στήθεσσι πατασσει.

The Greeks were affected in a similar manner at the challenge of Hector.

.....οἱ δ’ ἄρα πάντες ἀκηχ’ ἐγενοντο σιωπῇ
Αἰδέσθην μὲν ἀνῆλσθαι, δεισαν δ’ ὑποδεχθαι.

Note 11.....lines 239-240.

"Light o'er the curling surges others bound,
"To the shrill fife's, and drum's, and trumpet's sound."

"List where soul-moving music floats around*

"Inspiring tune—'Britannia rules the waves'—

"Cheer following cheer, from every ship resounds;

"The meaning—'Britons never will be slaves.'"

Note 12.....line 303.

"The Norman William at her bowsprit shone."

The author in describing the different ships of the British fleet, has obeyed the impulse of fancy, regulated, however, by what seems to him a principle of propriety, in affixing to the head of each, a figure corresponding to her name. He has discovered since the first part of the poem came from the press, that the Conqueror had the bust of Alexander the Great—but how was he to know from the name of the ship that this bust was the most appropriate?—might it not

* It is customary for the bands of the different ships to play some inspiring tune on going to battle,—“Hearts of Oak, &c.” At the Nile, every ship possessing a band, struck up—“God save the King,” as we doubled the island, and bore down upon the van of the enemy.

with equal propriety, have been that of Cyrus or Cæsar! William the Conqueror first rose to the imagination; and the historical fact, to which the author alludes in the description, is honourable to the British nation.

It is said that William was of the enormous stature of eight feet, and his bow, like the bow of Ulysses, would bend to no arm but its master's.

If the reader prefer Alexander to William he may read:—

The world's great victor at her bowsprit shone,
And seemed to lead Britannia's heroes on;
As when he boldly stemmed the Granic waves,
To meet proud Persia's mitred hosts of slaves;
Before the bosom of the snorting steed,
Swift as he moves, the trembling waves recede:
High towers the ostrich crest, of dazzling white,
Like the long tresses of the god of light:
His sword's bright radiance in the burning air,
Flamed like a comet's scintillating hair,
Or like the scorching fires of Lybian Jove,
Shot terror on the foe, and fierce on Gallia drove.

The 'world's great victor' was shot away in the battle. He is to be succeeded by the hero of Trafalgar, clothed in panoply of gold.

Note 13.....line 318.

“Boil as he moves, and mark his hoary track:”

He maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment: he maketh a path to shine after him:—one would think the deep to be hoary.

JOS xli. 31, 32.

Note 14.....lines 327-328.

“Her giant warrior, cloathed in shining arms,
“Hastes, with long strides, to meet the war’s alarms:”

Αλλ’ ογε νηων ικρι ἐπωχέσθω, μακρὰ βίβασθων,
Νῶμα δὲ ξυσον μέγα ναυμαχον ἐν παλαμῆσι
Κολλητον βλητροισι, δυοκαιεικοσιπηχυ.

The author has followed Pope in rendering *ξυσον* a mace, though it properly signifies a spear. It is worthy of remark that this most excellent poet in his translation has omitted the epithet *ναυμαχον*, “formed for the naval conflict,” *δυοκαιεικοσιπηχυ*, *two and twenty cubits*, an expression which cannot properly stand in English heroic verse.

Note 15.....lines 339-340.

"Th' Orion next the surges seemed to plow,
" With storms and tempests on her golden prow."

Armatamque auro circumspicit Oriona.

.....subito assurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion.

Dum pelago desævit hyems, et aquosus Orion.

Note 16.....line 345.

"Then Agamemnon to the conflict came."—

.....ἐν δ' αὐτος εἰσάβη γωρεὰ χαλκόν

Κυδίων, ὅτι πᾶσι μετεγίπεν ἡρώεσσι·

Οὐ γὰρ ἄριστος ἦν, πολὺ δὲ πλείους ἂν γὰρ λαός.

.....fourfold crest τετραφαλλήων.

Note 17.....lines 353-354.

"Stout Minotaurus scudding swift behind,
" Her canvass pinions stretched before the wind:"

.....Tum pendere poenas,

Cecropidæ jussi (miserum) septena quotannis

*Corpora natorum. * * * * **

** * * * **

Hic crudelis amor Tauri, supposta que furto

Pasiphæe, mistumque genus, prolesque biformis,
Miaotaurus inest Veneris monimenta nefandæ.

Note 18.....lines 363-364.

“A fair Laconian armed for warlike deeds,
“Breathing dismay, the bounding Spartiate leads;”

Virgineis os habitumque gerens, et virginis arma
Spartanæ:

Namque humeris de more habilem suspenderat arcum.

Mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tument
Ferret iter; celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

Note 19.....lines 391-392.

“With that famed standard, Gallia’s highest boast,
“Pride of her arms, and glory of her host :”

“A standard covered with the military exploits of the corps (the invincibles) to which it belonged.” Inscribed on it were the following testimonials of its renown in war. *Le Passage de la Serivia, le Passage du Tagliamento, le Passage de l’Isonzo, la Prise de Graz, le Pont de Lodi.* In the battle of Alexandria, fought on the 21st of March 1801, this standard was taken by the British troops.

Note 20.....line 411.

“Ensigns, the boast of every British knight;”

The different orders of British knighthood, the Garter, the Bath, and the Thistle, are respectively distinguished by blue, crimson, and green ribands.

In the battle of the Nile—“Nelson was so entirely resolved to conquer, or perish in the attempt, that he led into the action with six ensigns or flags, viz. red, white and blue, flying in different parts of the rigging; he could not bear to reflect on the possibility of his colours being carried away by a random shot from the enemy.”

Note 21.....line 445.

“Th’ enormous image of her archer god;”

It is said that the famous statue of Apollo, known by the name of the Colossus of Rhodes, held a lamp in his hand to serve as a light-house. The other circumstances referred to, in the description, are well known to the Classical reader.

Note 22.....lines 466-467.

“Dark frowned her imaged Cyclop o’er the deep,
“As once he frowned on rough Trinacria’s steep;”

.....ὃ δ' ἔπειτα χολώσατο κηρύθι μάλλον·
 Ἦκε δ' ἀποῖρ' ἔξας κερυφὴν ὄρεος' μαγ' ἄλκοιο·
 Καδ' δ' ἔβαλε προπαρσίθει νειῶς κυανοπρωροιο,
 Τυτθὸν ἔδευσεν δ' οἰήϊον ἄκρον ἰκίσθαι.

Note 23.....lines 482-483.

"With foam-girt sides, the nimble Swiftsure flies;
 "Fleet as an eagle cuts the liquid skies."

Quam facile accipiter saxo sacer ales ab alto
 Consequitur pennis sublimem in nube columbam,
 Comprensamque tenet, pedibusque eviscerat uncis:
 Tum cruor et vulsæ labuntur ab æthere plumæ.

Note 24.....lines 523-524.

"The Prince succeeds—and on her brazen prow,
 "The noble Edward raised his princely brow."

Edward the black Prince. The crest of the king of Bohemia, consisting of three white plumes of ostrich feathers, was found among the spoils at the battle of Crécy: and thence became the crest of the Princes of Wales.

Note 25.....line 548.

"From van to rear their bounding frigates play;"

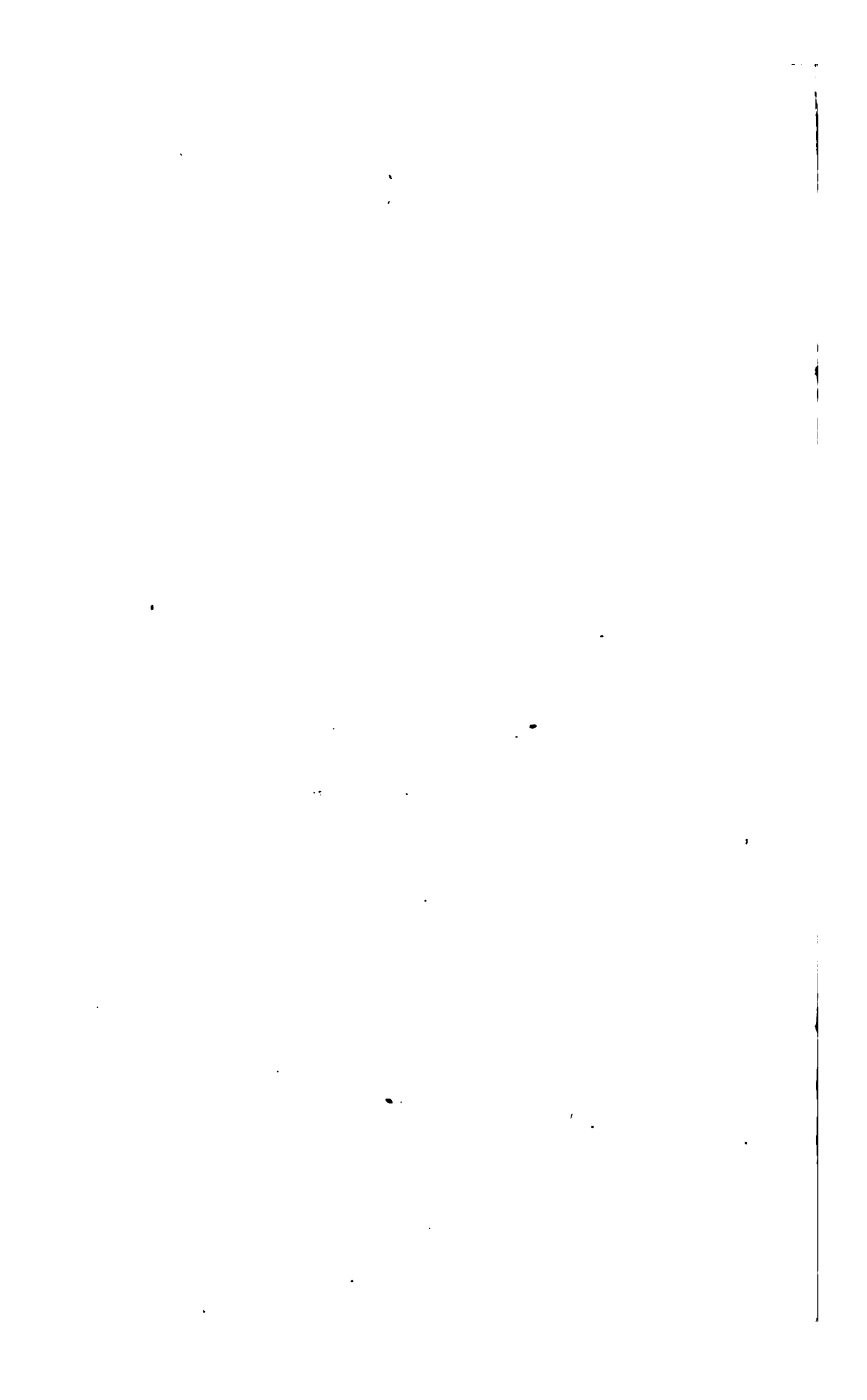
Admiral Collingwood during the action dispatched Captain Blackwood, to enquire the state of Lord Nelson's health. Captain Blackwood went in his own boat, which was rowed down the whole of the fleet. *It is an honourable agreement between two contending fleets, that they never fire on the frigates, nor on any cutter or boat, unless they make a part of the opposing force.*

Extract of a letter from an Officer on board of the Euryalus.

NOTES

TO

BOOK THE SECOND.



NOTES

TO

BOOK THE SECOND.

Note 1.....lines 25-26.

"Them heaven's dread storms, and Britain's whelming ire,
"Sunk in the deep, or cloathed in vengeful fire:"

The Spanish armada, ostentatiously stiled the invincible, consisting of the greatest number of ships and men ever fitted out by Spain for the invasion of England, seemed marked by the elements for destruction. The day after it left the port of Lisbon, a violent tempest sunk the small shipping, and obliged the rest to retreat from its fury. When they had refitted, they again set sail and steered towards the coast of England. Effingham the English admiral, soon perceived them standing on in the form of a crescent, seven miles in extent, and though deterred at first from venturing

on a close attack by the manifest superiority of the Spanish fleet, both in number and weight of metal, he hung upon their rear, and by the rapidity of his broadsides, and the terror of his fire ships, soon put them into confusion. Seconded by Drake, Hawkins and Probisher, the most illustrious naval commanders of the age, he took or destroyed, twelve ships, and obliged the rest to seek safety in flight. Those which escaped the rage of war were afterwards terribly shattered by storms. Seventeen ships with five thousand men on board were shipwrecked on the coast of Ireland, and the western isles; and of the whole armada, consisting of a hundred and thirty vessels, only fifty-three floating wrecks returned to Spain with the news of their disasters.*

Note 2.....lines 119-120.

“As if th’ immortals, who on Phrygia’s soil
“Waged dreadful fight, resumed the glorious toil;”

The classical names of the ships readily suggested the

* One of the semicircular bays at the Giants’ Causeway, is still called *Port na Spania*, in memory of some of the Spanish vessels wrecked near it. The ingenious father of the young poet, Romney Robinson, has made two interesting paintings on this subject.

propriety of the allusion to the most sublime description in Homer.

At the 131 line the allusion is continued, particularly to that passage where Pluto is represented as leaping from his throne.

Ἐδδρυσεν δ' ὑπενεσθον ἄναξ ἐνέρων Ἀιδωνεύς,
 Δρυσας δ' ἐκ θρόνου ἄλτο, καὶ ἰάχε' μὴ οἱ ὑπέρῃς
 Γαίαν ἀναρρήξῃς Ποσειδάων ἐνοσιχθών,
 Οἰκία δὲ θνητοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι φανερῇ
 Σμερδαλέ', ευρωεντα, τὰ συγχευσι θεοὶ περ.

It is worthy of observation that Virgil, Ovid and Pope who have imitated or translated this passage, have omitted what seems to the author one of its principal beauties ἰάχε' exclamavit, *veritus*: (as it is rendered by Clarke) *shouted for fear*.

Non secus ac si qua penitus vi terra dehiscens
 Infernas reserat sedes, et regna recludat;
 Pallida diis invisa; superque immane barathrum,
 Cernatur; trepidentque immisso lumine manes,

VIRG.

Dissilit omne solum: penetratque in Tartara rimis,
 Lumen et infernum terret cum conjugē regem.

OVID.

And again

Inde tremit tellus, et rex pavet ipse silentum,
Ne pateat, latoque solum retegatur hiatu,
Immissusque dies trepidantes terreat umbras.

Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch reared his hoary head,
Leaped from his throne lest Neptune's arm should lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes
Abhorred by men, and hated even by Gods.

POPE,

Note 3.....lines 169-170-171.

....."On, on ye brave!
"With maddening horrors let the tempest rave,
"For George and England, glory, or the grave!"

The battle thickens—on ye brave,
That rush to glory or the grave :
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

CAMPBELL'S *Hohenlinden*.

Note 4.....line 191.

“Starts the hot marrow from the fractured spine;”

.....μυελος αυτης

Σπονδυλιων εκπαλθ'.

HOM.

Note 5.....lines 367-368.

“Loud shouts of triumph from the victors rise,
“Roll o’er the main, and echo to the skies.”

This action of the *Temeraire* is mentioned by Lord Colingwood in his official dispatch to the admiralty as a circumstance which, “strongly marks the invincible spirit of British seamen when engaging the enemies of their country. The contest, he adds, was vigorous, but, in the end, the combined ensigns were torn from the poop, and the British hoisted in their place.” Indeed, when we consider the great superiority of numbers on board the French and Spanish ships, this atchievement may be considered as one of the most brilliant in the records of naval history.

Note 6.....line 374.

“And twice two hundred on the decks lay dead:”

“It was Lord Nelson’s intention to begin the action by

passing ahead of the Bucentaur, that the Victory might be ahead of her, and astern of the Santissima Trinidad ; but the Bucentaur shooting ahead, his Lordship was obliged to go under her stern, raked her and luffed up to the star-board side—The Bucentaur fired four broadsides at the Victory, before his Lordship ordered the ports to be opened, when the whole broadside, which was double shotted, was fired into her, and the discharge made such a tremendous crash, that the Bucentaur was seen to heel. A short time after this, Admiral Villeneuve sent below to enquire the number of the killed and wounded, which proved to be the amazing number of three hundred and sixty five killed, and two hundred and nineteen wounded. He immediately ordered his flag to be struck ; the Bucentaur being then dismasted, and quite unmanageable. Lord Nelson upon this, shot ahead to the Santissima Trinidad."

Extract of a letter from an Officer, on board the Euryalus.

Note 7... ..line 394.

"He strikes his flag, and yields the captive sword."

It is usual, when a ship strikes her flag, for the commander to send his sword, as a proof of his submission to the victor—The Spanish Vice Admiral, Don Ignatio Maria

•

D'Alava, struck to Admiral Collingwood, but afterwards escaped into Cadiz in the *Santa Anna*. It was at first reported that he was killed, but when Admiral Collingwood understood that he was only wounded, he wrote the following letter, claiming him as a prisoner of war.

Euryalus, off Cadiz, October 30. 1805.

SIR,

It is with great pleasure that I have heard the wound you received in the action is in a hopeful way of recovery, and that your country may still have the benefit of your future service.

But, Sir, you surrendered yourself to me, and it was in consideration only of the state of your wound, that you were not removed into my ship. I could not disturb the repose of a man supposed to be in his last moments; but *your sword, the emblem of your service, was delivered to me by your captain, and I expect that you consider yourself a prisoner of war, until you shall be regularly exchanged by cartel.*

I have the honour to be, &c.

C. COLLINGWOOD.

To Vice Admiral Don Ignatio Maria D'Alava.

Sent under cover to Admiral Gravina.

Note 8.....line 398.

"Caught by th' unguarded flame, in air she blew.

"The Achille (a French 74) after having surrendered by some mismanagement of the French, took fire and blew up; two hundred of her men were saved by the tenders." The Author thought it more poetical to describe her as blown up in the heat of the action.

Note 9.....line 427.

"On Vincent's day she owned our naval reign."

Though it does not appear that the Santissima Trinidad ever struck before to the British flag, Lord Nelson had acquired great honour for grappling with her in the action of the 14th February 1797 off Cape St. Vincent. On the present occasion, he ordered the Victory to be laid alongside his "old acquaintance."

Note 10.....lines 464-465.

"So close th' artillery played, the blazes fired
"Each pitchy side, and fast the flames aspired:"

A paper in the Gibraltar Chronicle states, that at the

commencement of the action the Victory was so closely engaged with the French ship Redoubtable, that the flash of almost every gun from the Victory set fire to her adversary's sides; "Whilst our seamen, with the greatest coolness, were, at intervals, employed, in the midst of the hottest fire, in throwing buckets of water to extinguish the flames on board the enemy's ship; lest, by their spreading, they might involve both ships in destruction. We question if ancient or modern history can produce a more striking example of cool and deliberate valour, than what we have just recorded, and it certainly reflects the highest honour upon the discipline and intrepidity of that ship's crew."

Note 11.....line 478.

"Such floods of fire through fields of ether stream."

The Aurora Borealis. That propensity in human nature, to consider every phenomenon as intimately connected with the destinies of man, has found ample indulgence in the contemplation of this sublime appearance. It is vulgarly reported, that it was first observed in England, before Charles the first was beheaded; and in Scotland, prior to

the rebellion of 1745. Though it has of late years, only become a subject of philosophic investigation, it did not escape the observation of the ancients. Tacitus, speaking of Jerusalem, observes that before it fell under the Roman arms, several extraordinary appearances were seen in the air, portending its destruction. "*Visæ per cælum concurrere acies, rutilantia arma, et subito nubium igne collucere templum.*" This account is corroborated by the authority of Josephus.

Note 12.....lines 526-527.

"Such honours oft mysterious fate bestows,
"To tempt the valiant, or to death expose."

.....*humeris inimicum insigne gerebat—*

.....*non hos quæsitum munus in usus.*

Nescia mens hominum fati, sortisque futuræ,

Et servare modum rebus sublata secundis!

VIRG.

The sword presented by Hector to Ajax, was the sword on which Ajax fell. The defender of Troy was dragged at the chariot of Achilles by the belt he had received as a memorial of the Grecian warrior's regard.

Note 13.....line 617.

“Thus pours in silent prayer his fervent soul.”

It is much to the honour of Lord Nelson's character that he was animated by a sincere and fervent piety. From many instances furnished by his illustrious life, the following letter is selected, as a striking proof of the truth of the observation.

Copy of a letter from Lord Nelson to his Lady.

Vanguard, St. Peter's Island, off Sardinia,

My dearest Fanny.

May 24, 1798.

I ought not to call what has happened to the Vanguard, by the cold name of accident; I believe firmly it was the Almighty Goodness to check my consummate vanity. I hope it has made me a better officer, as I feel it has made me a better man: I kiss with all humility the rod. Figure to yourself on Sunday evening, at sun-set, a vain man walking in his cabin, with a squadron around him, who looked up to their chief to lead them to glory, and in whom their chief placed the firmest reliance, that the proudest ships of equal numbers, belonging to France, would have lowered their flags; and with a very rich prize lying by him.—Figure to yourself on Monday morning, when the sun rose, this proud conceited man, his ship dismasted, his fleet dispersed, and

himself in such distress, that the meanest frigate out of France would have been an unwelcome guest. But it has pleased Almighty God to bring us into a safe port, where, although we are refused the rights of humanity, yet the Vanguard will, in two days, get to sea again as an English man of war.

Note 14.....line 646.

"The thoughtless crew soon caught the horrid sound."

We may justly appreciate the character of Lord Nelson, from the terror in which he was held by the enemy. It is said that the crew of the Santissima Trinidad actually raised a shout of triumph when they beheld his fall.

L. S. 1.



